

Suddenly, the party turned into a thingy hell.

Man, this is weird... Halfway in to this operation, and I've just drawn a total blank on procedure... In fact, I think I'm an ice cream man.

July 7, 1937, Oscar

forgets
Can't remember
chords to "F"

"He

On should be lurking outside

19

mine & his wife
has this

Aug. 3, 1963
Ella Fitzgerald hit
sings a flat note

Tito P.
loses

Don't play that saxophone, Jack
e just

Infamous moments
Ja

Never cry cow

Sept. 9, 1971;

Dizzy Gillespie

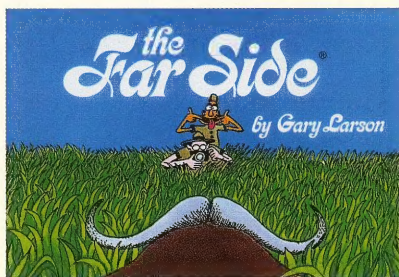
find Bb

93

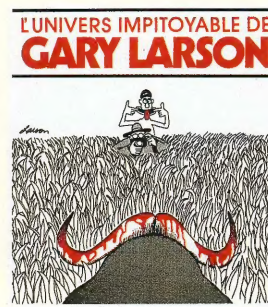


I Remember...

- ... the magic cow that granted me three wishes.
- ... the phone call from Alice Smith, a magazine editor who bought my first cartoons and kick-started my interest in cartooning.
- ... the first check I ever received for drawing the above-mentioned cartoons. When a friend saw it, he advised me to frame it, not cash it. (I held off on the latter for about an hour.)
- ... my first "office," a phone booth at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco, where I hung out and made calls to Chronicle Features, my future syndicate and where my portfolio had been temporarily impounded.
- ... realizing I had truly "arrived" when I got my electric pencil sharpener. (Listen, it was a big moment for me. It had suction cup feet, a see-through shavings container, and a light that told you when your lead was sharp! Yes, I had gone pro.)
- ... the time a woman, dressed in a rabbit suit, showed up at a book signing and hit me with a cream pie. (I think it was actually intended to be a "friendly" pie-in-the-face, but the episode was a little, well, awkward.) And since I had to leave directly for the airport and the pie had actually missed my face but not my shirt, on the flight home I'm sure everyone around me thought I was wearing banana cologne.
- ... some of the things that fans brought with them for me to sign, perhaps the most memorable being a large, stuffed shark. I suppose the runner-up might be the guy who brought in his bowling ball, along with an electric engraver.
- ... my first complaint letter, from a mother who demanded I tell her how she was supposed to explain to her five-year-old the meaning of my cartoon showing Santa Claus writing a cookbook called *Nine Ways to Serve Venison*.
- ... the time a foreign publisher took my first book cover, which looked like this:



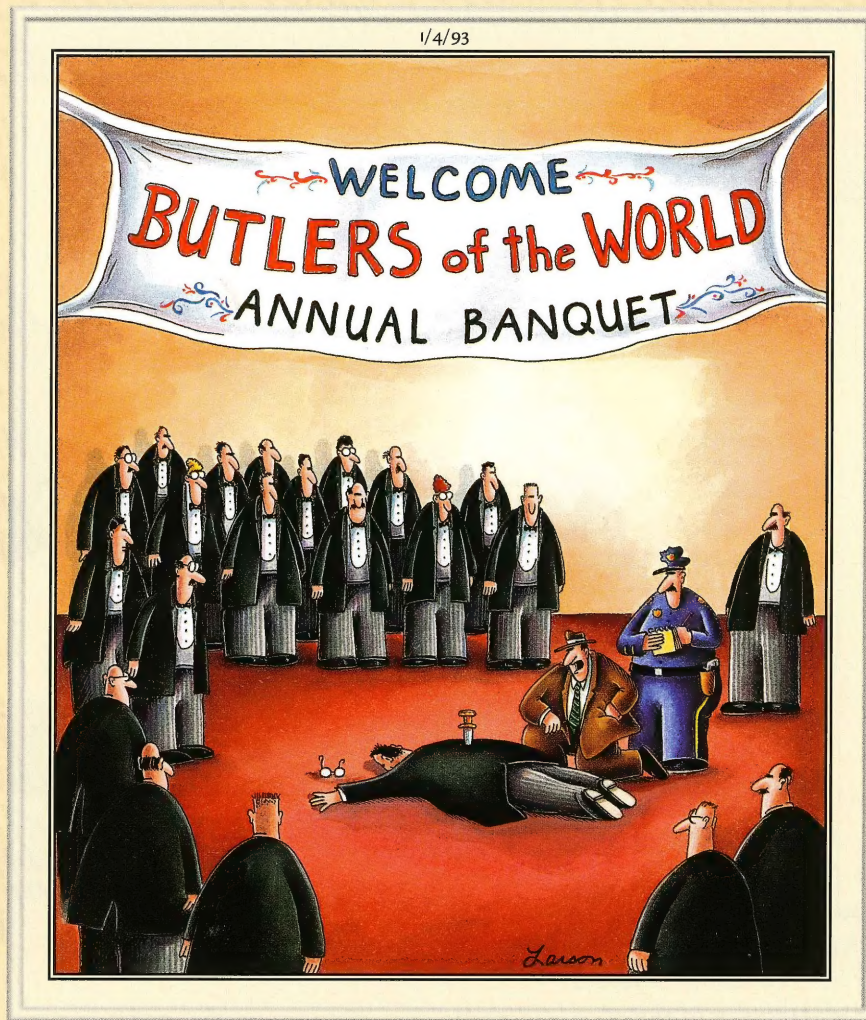
and made it look like this:



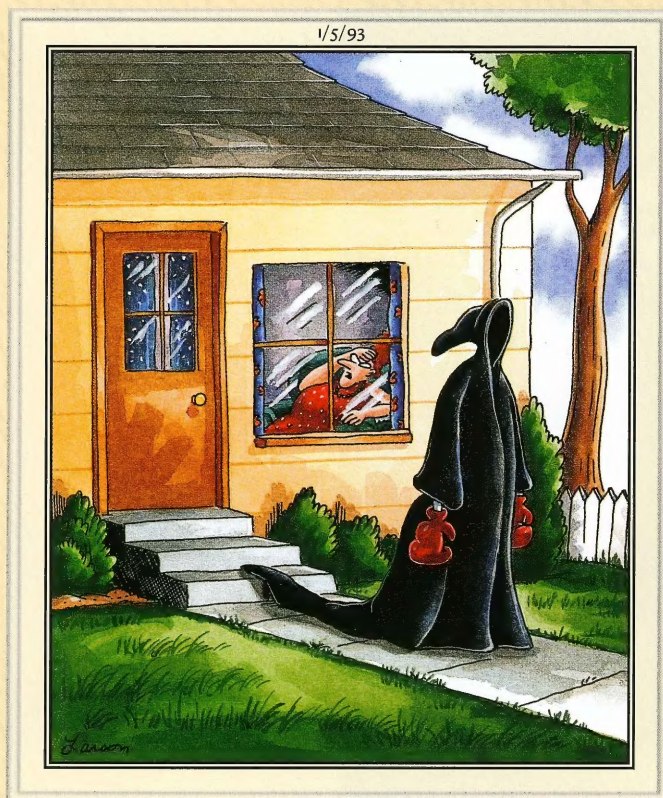
- ... the time I drew what I believe *may* have been the first naked butt (Vol. 2, p. 217) to appear on the comic pages of mainstream newspapers. (Not that this was ever one of my goals, but you have to grab these awards on your own because no one hands them out.)
- ... the absolute worst cartoon I ever drew and which still makes me cringe. (I thought about revealing it, but I fear I'd start hearing, "Oh, you're wrong—that's not your worst cartoon.")
- ... the time a TV reporter began an interview with: "Tell me, Mr. Larson, where *is* The Far Side, and is it difficult to travel there and back?" (*Twilight Zone* theme music, please.)
- ... the time a stranger, a woman, learned where I lived, knocked on my door, and asked for an autograph. I went to a room in the back of the house to get a pen, turned around, and there she was, standing right next to me, holding a butcher knife. (I made up the butcher knife part—this one seemed to need a little "something.")
- ... my first book signing, and a young man showed up with a photo album containing every cartoon I had ever drawn, cut out and neatly glued down and arranged in chronological order. Ask any cartoonist: Anyone who cuts out one of your cartoons has just paid you the greatest compliment. (I liked this guy.)
- ... the letter from another cartoonist's attorney threatening me with a lawsuit on behalf of his client, who claimed I had stolen his idea that had been published previously in a campus newspaper some 3,000 miles away from where I lived, BUT, of course, his client was willing to let the entire matter drop for \$50,000. (I passed, but thought about sending the guy an electric pencil sharpener as a small consolation prize.)
- ... the cartoon called "Cow tools" (Vol. 1, p. 251) that took me to hell and back because everyone tried to decipher something in the cartoon that was undecipherable, which was supposed to be the joke, which then became a joke on me, which wasn't funny anymore, which forced me to write a press release, which gave me a good lesson about drawing confusing cartoons, which lasted about a week.
- ... the night in Washington, D.C., after a crazy book signing when I couldn't find my publisher's rep and, searching for her, wandered out onto the sidewalk where I encountered a bunch of people who immediately crowded around me trying to get their *Far Side* books signed, and a car pulled up to the curb, a guy

yelled, "Gary! Quick! Get in!" so I did, we took off, and I found myself in a car full of more fans who were delighted I had joined them.

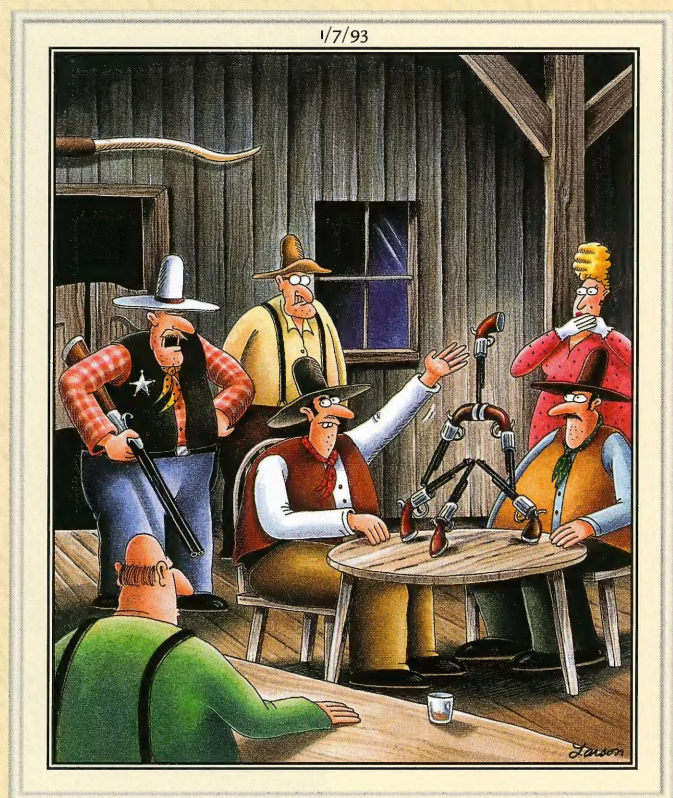
- ... the time I sat across a dinner table from Charles Addams, and neither of us said a word to the other. (I was intimidated; he suffered from narcolepsy.)
- ... the time I unwittingly wore a T-shirt that had one of my own cartoons on it into a grocery store. At the checkout stand, my shirt sparked a conversation between the clerk and the box boy, with the clerk saying to the box boy, "Did you know Gary Larson comes into the store every once in a while? ... yeah ... big bear of a guy ... very friendly ... not weird at all ... blah blah blah" Still talking to the box boy, he handed me my change, and as I walked away he said something to the kid about pointing me out next time I'm in the store. (Officially, I would describe myself as more deer-size than bear-size.)
- ... the time I incurred the wrath of some Eskimos. (I'm still not exactly sure why.)
- ... the time I incurred the wrath of some cat lovers. (I know why.)
- ... the time I incurred the wrath of mental health organizations. (Shouldn't they have been reaching out to me?)
- ... the many times I incurred the wrath of Amnesty International. (They don't like cartoons about dungeons and people being tortured in them.)
- ... the time I incurred the wrath of some Christian fundamentalists. (I know why, but I was at more risk from the cat lovers.)
- ... the time I realized I needed to get an unlisted phone number. (Now you know why.)



"God, Collings, I hate to start a Monday with a case like this."



The Angel of Migraines



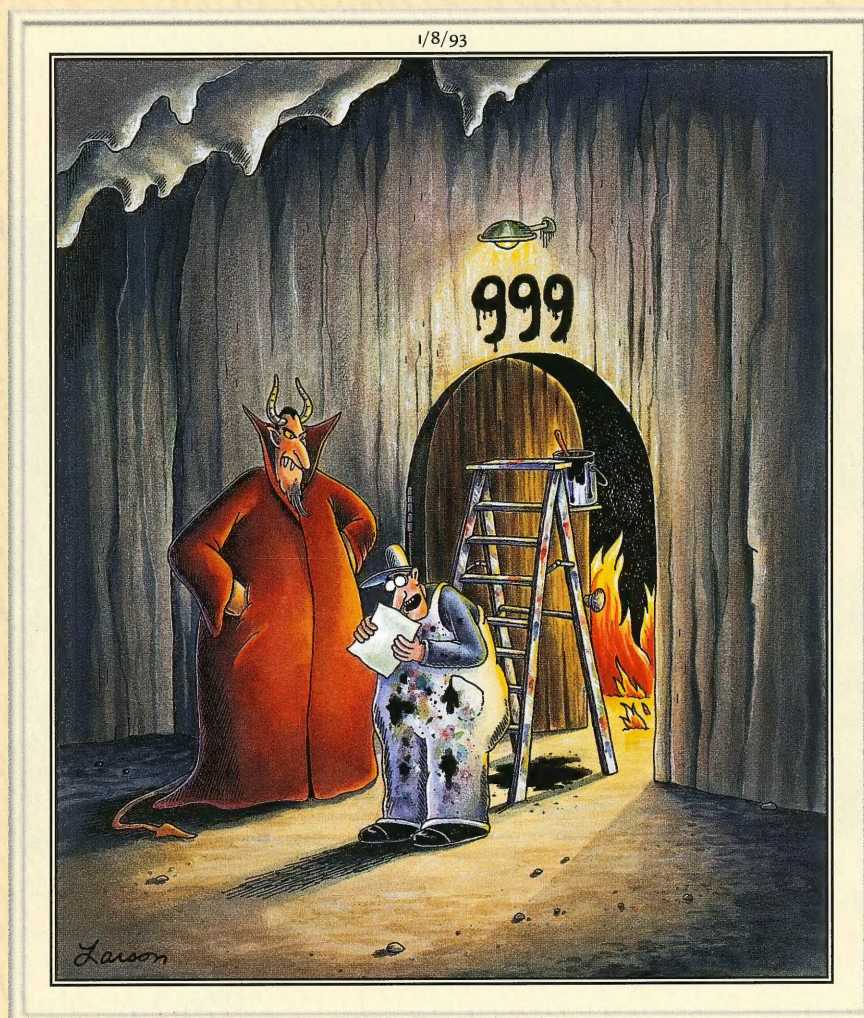
"Okay, boys—that'll be enough. ... We don't allow any gunplay in this town."



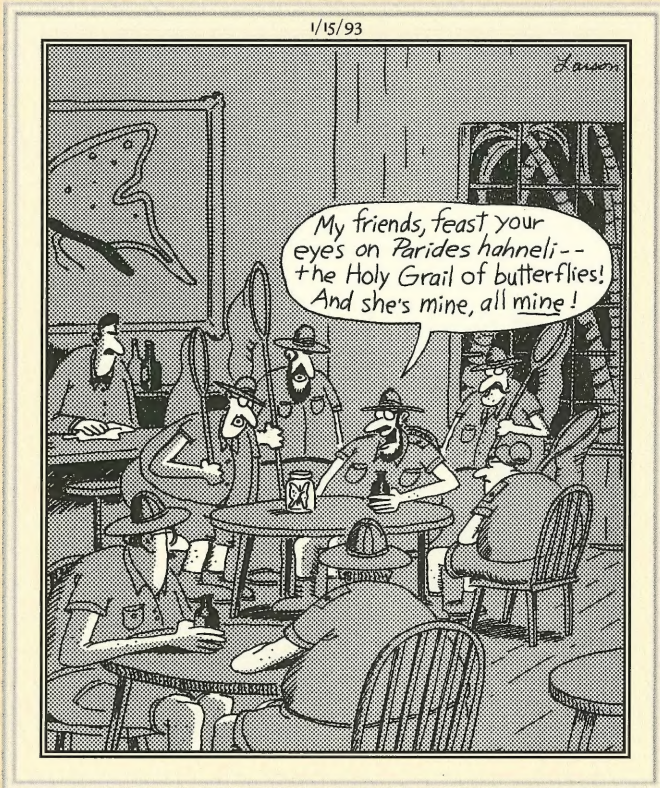
And for the rest of his life, Ernie told his friends that he had talked with God.



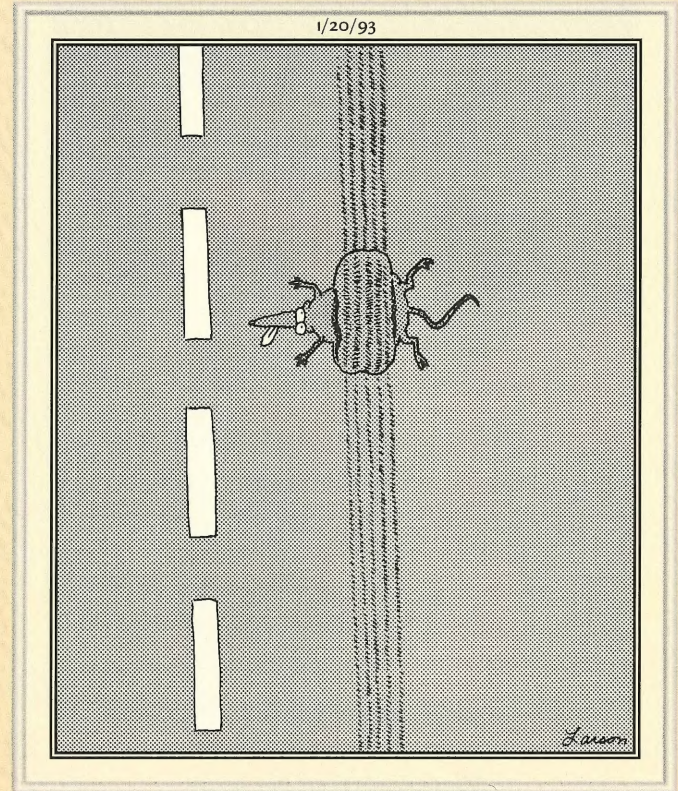
"Uh-oh. ... Looks like the usual airplane food."



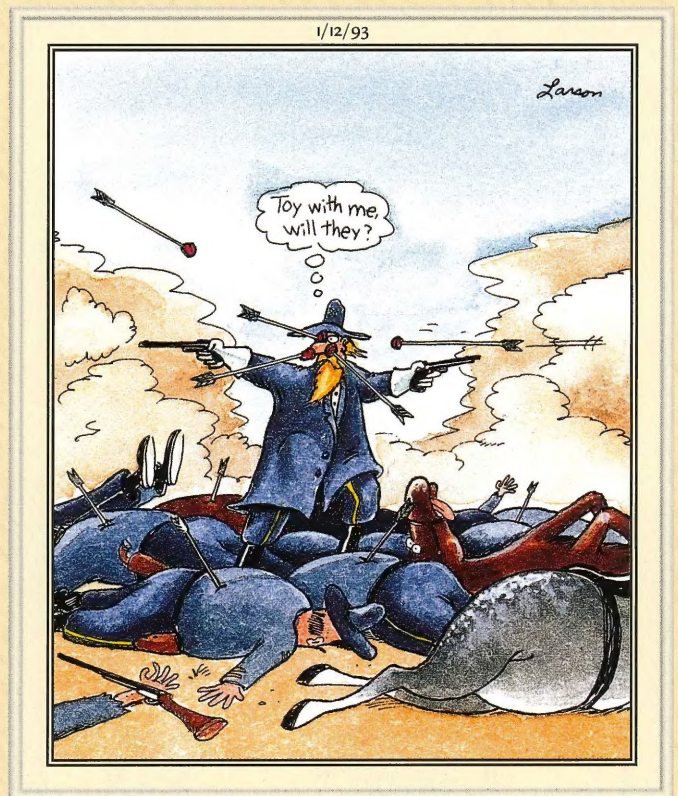
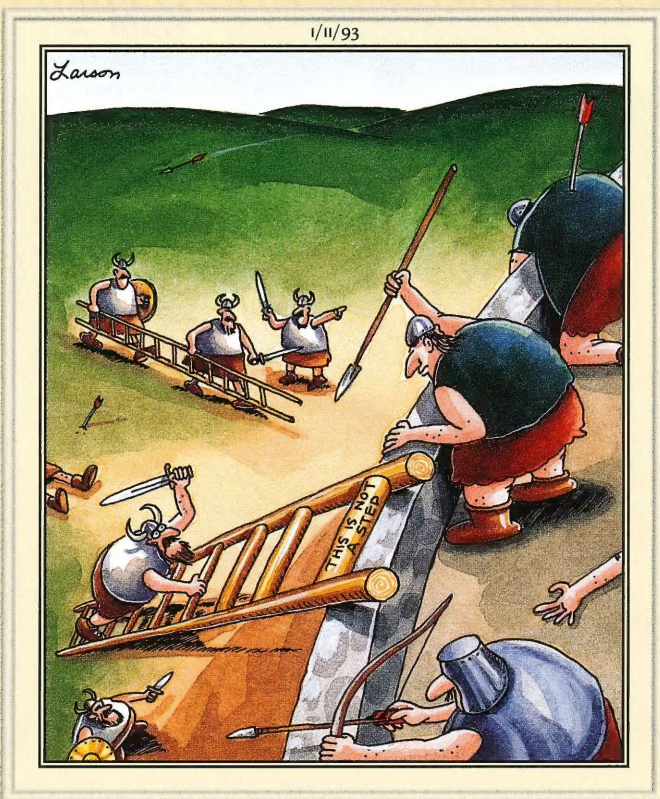
"Well, I'll be. ... I must've been holding the dang work order like *this!*"

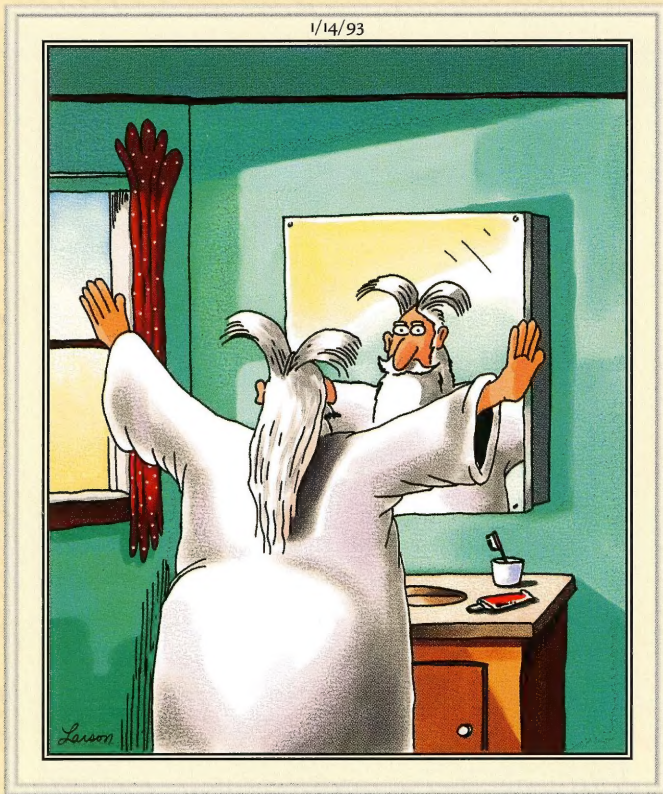


Regrettably, Professor DeWitt's boasting fell on too many jealous ears, and that night, as he stumbled from the bar, he was etherized by an unknown assailant and "relieved" of his trophy.



Scenes that make a crow smile

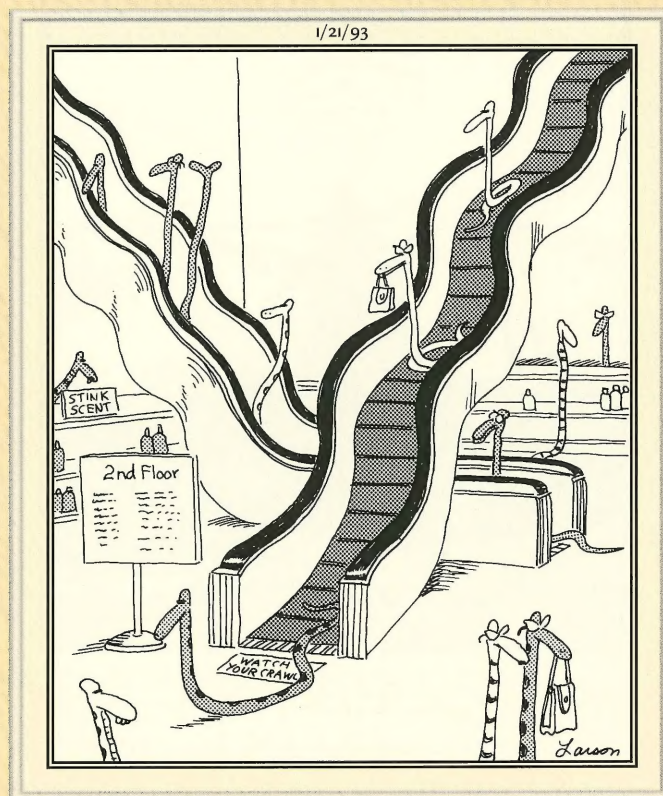




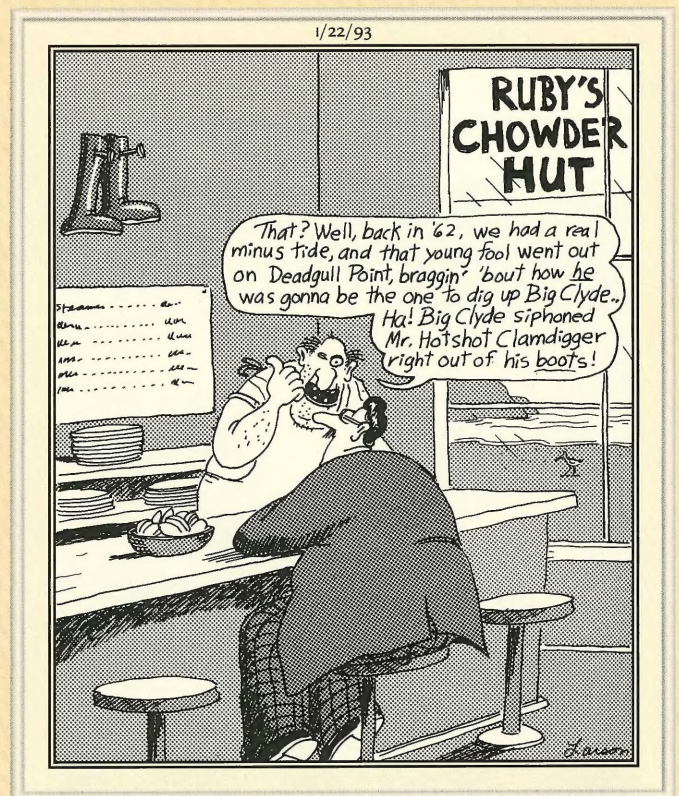
Moses parting his hair



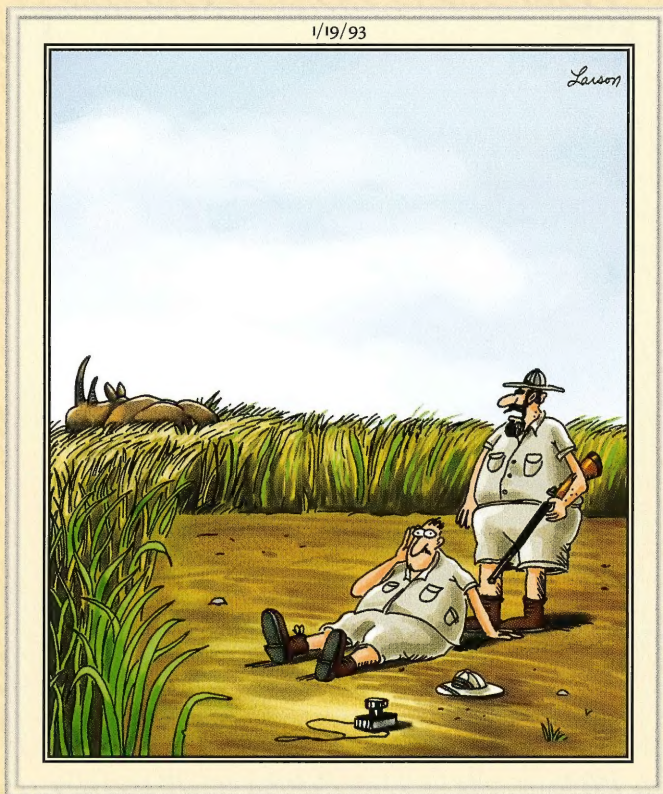
A tragedy occurs off the coast of a land called Honah-Lee.



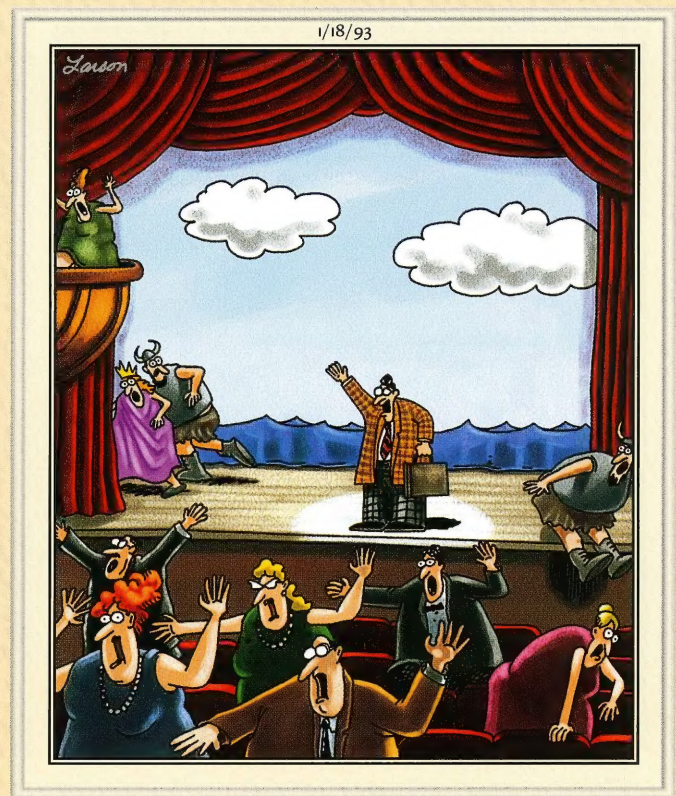
Snake department stores



Bivalve lore



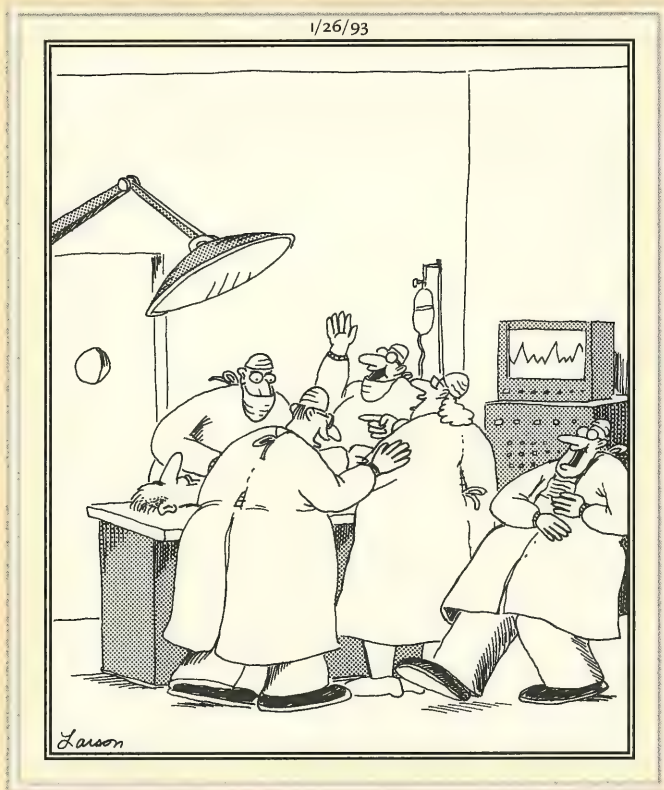
"You're damn lucky, Saunders. ... If that rhino had really respected you as an enemy, he'd have done a helluva lot more than just walk up and slap your face."



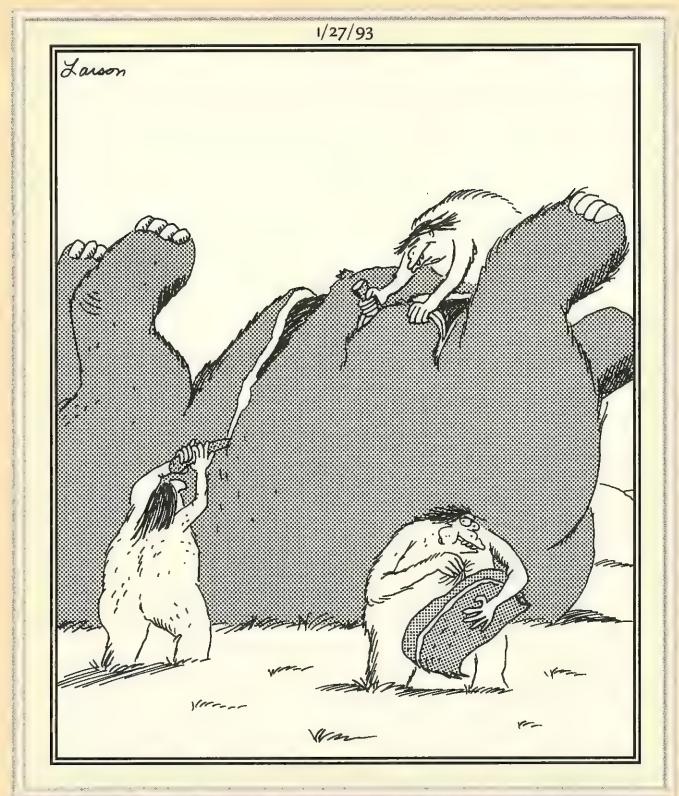
Scene from *Insurance Salesman of the Opera*



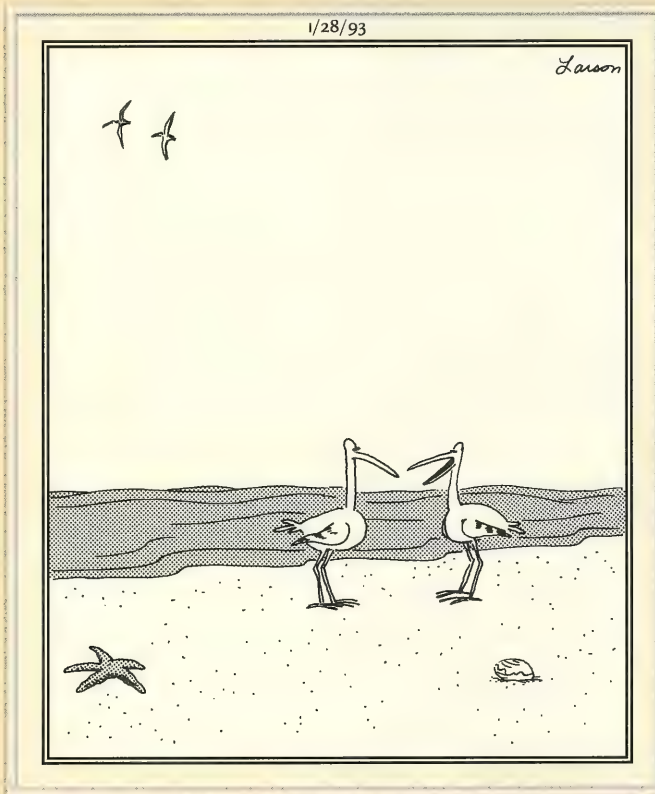
"We're screwed, Marge. Big Al is gone. ... Our star attraction. ... And God only knows where he is."



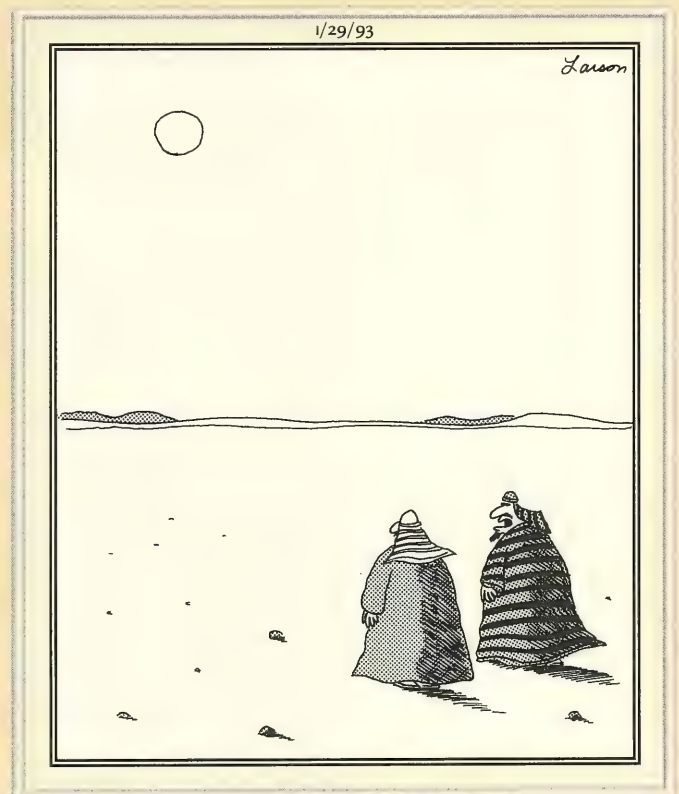
Carlton falls for the old rubber-scalpel gag.



With no one looking, Koona would secretly sprinkle on a few sprouts.

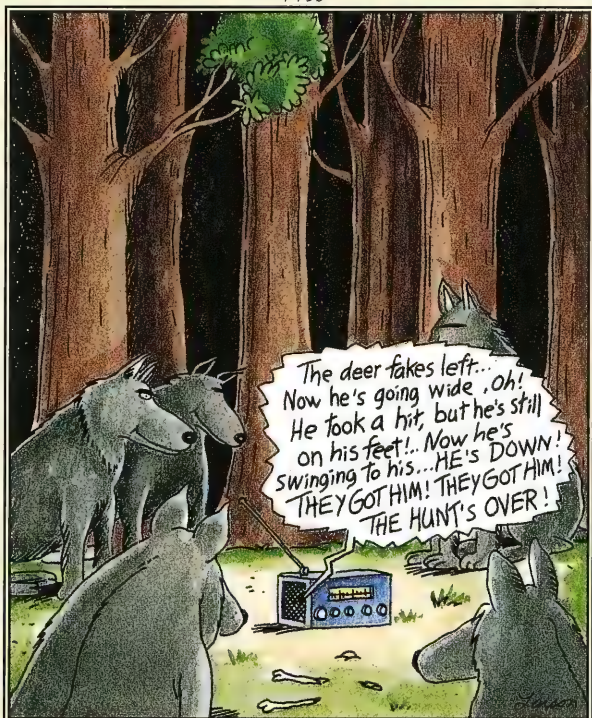


"You're not fooling me, Ned. ... Taking a long walk on the beach sounds romantic, but I know you're just looking for crustaceans."



"Our camels are dead, we have no water, and yet we must cross this desert if we are to survive. ... For the love of Allah, Omar, do you ever trim your nose hairs?"

2/1/93



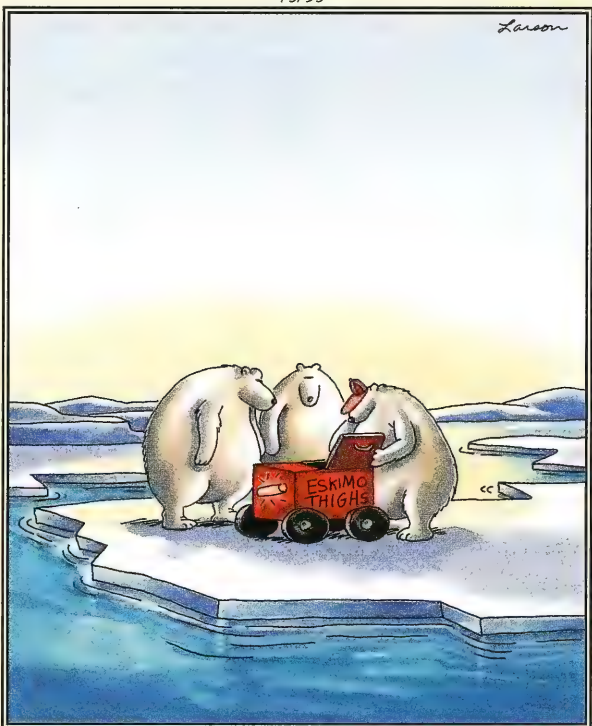
Monday night in the woods

2/2/93

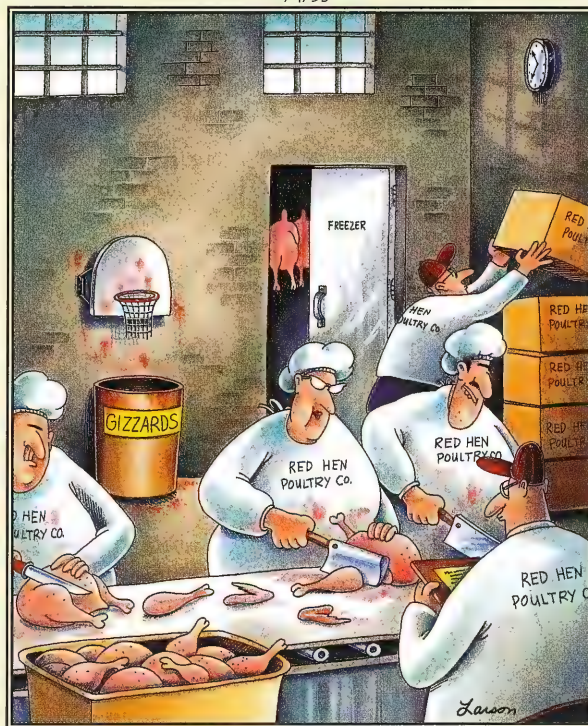


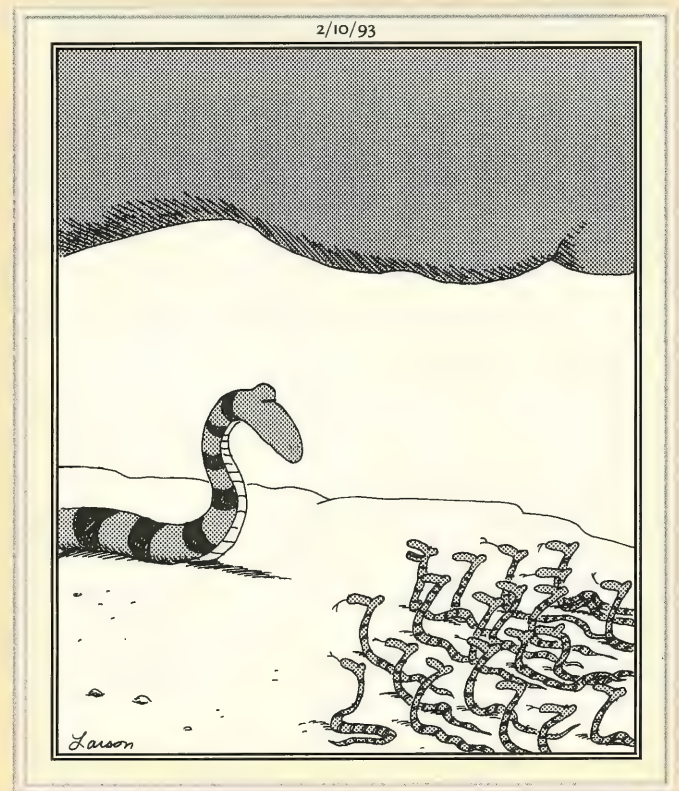
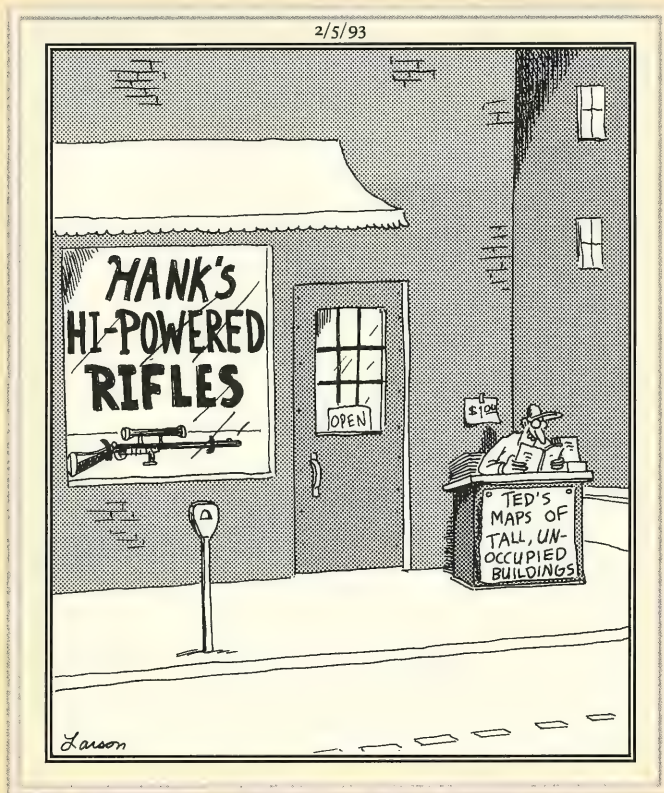
"Quit school? *Quit school?* You wanna end up like your father—a career lab rat?"

2/3/93



2/4/93





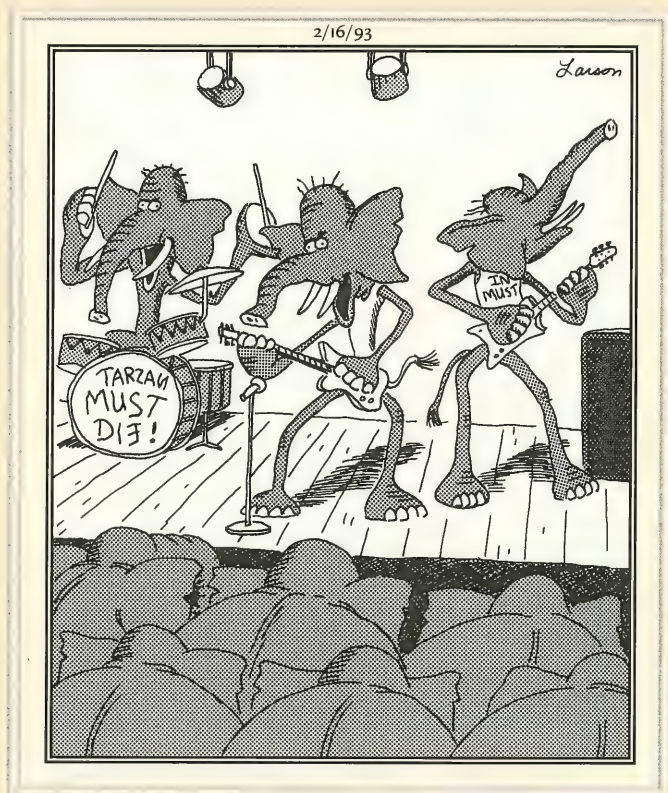
"No, really, Mom—who do you like best?"



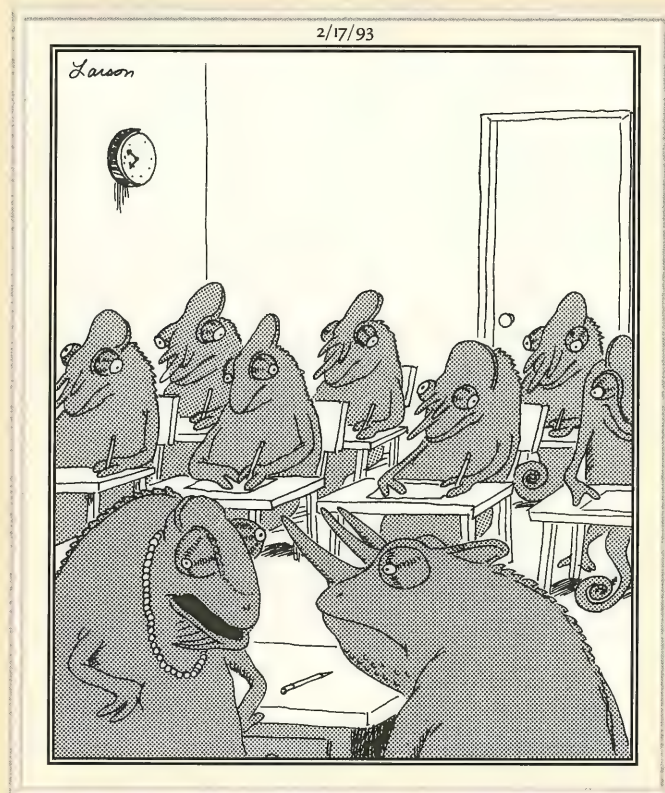
"Don't touch it, honey ... it's just a face in the crowd."



Be a virus, see the world.



The Angry Young Pachyderms



"Well, Douglas! I noticed during the exam your eyes weren't exactly rotating in their sockets."



Henry VIII on the dating scene



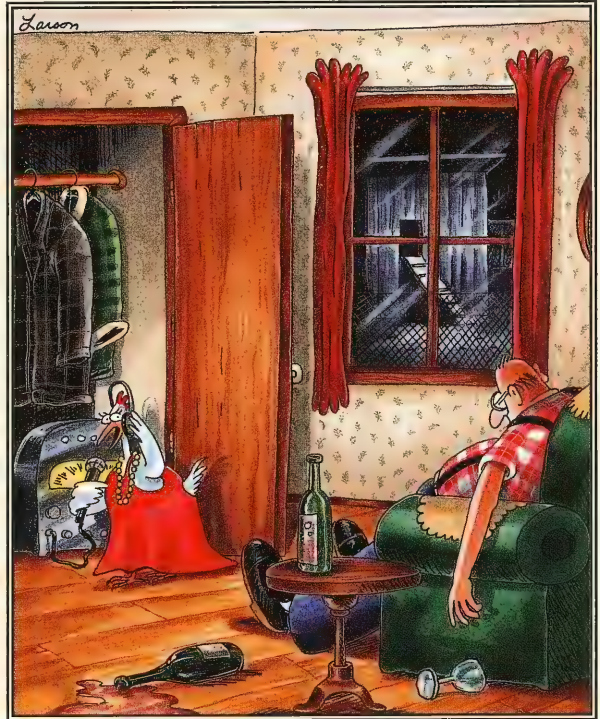
"Well, kid, ya beat me—and now every punk packin' a paddle and tryin' to make a name for himself will come lookin' for you! ...
Welcome to hell, kid."

2/15/93



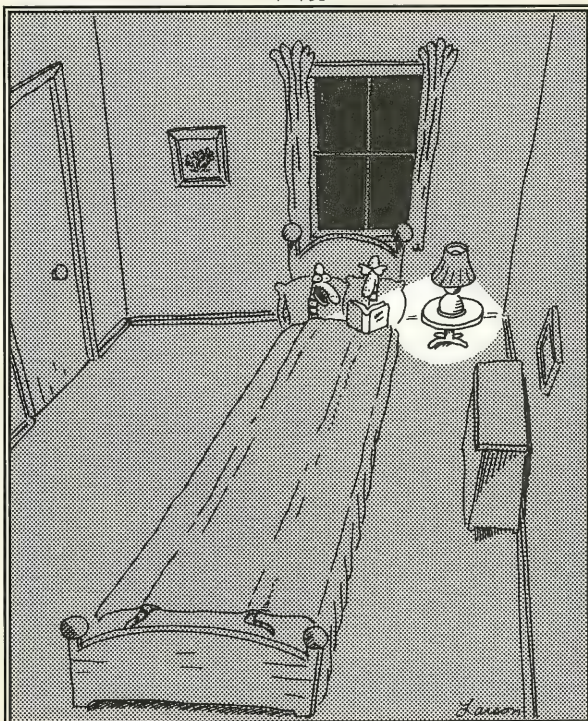
"Hey, Ruby! The circus is back in town! Remember when we went last year and that clown asked you to smell his boutonniere?"

2/19/93



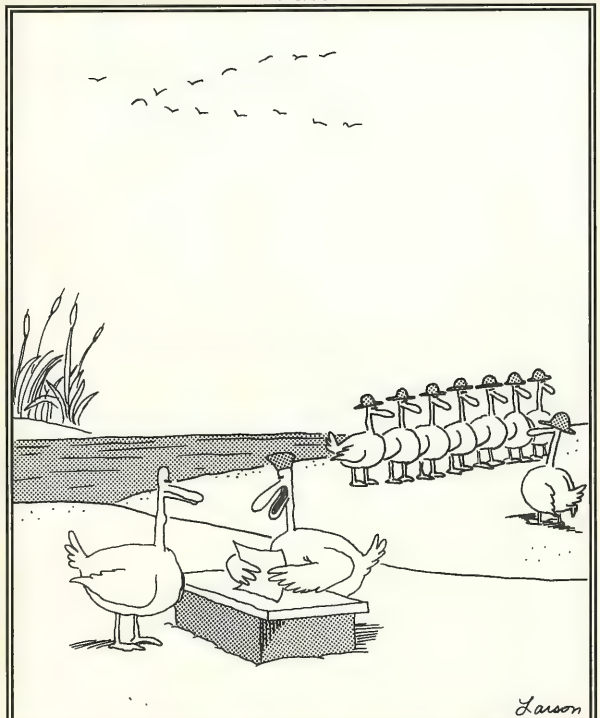
She was known as Madame D'Gizarde, and, in the early '40s, she used deceit, drugs, and her beguiling charms to become the bane of chicken farmers everywhere.

2/18/93



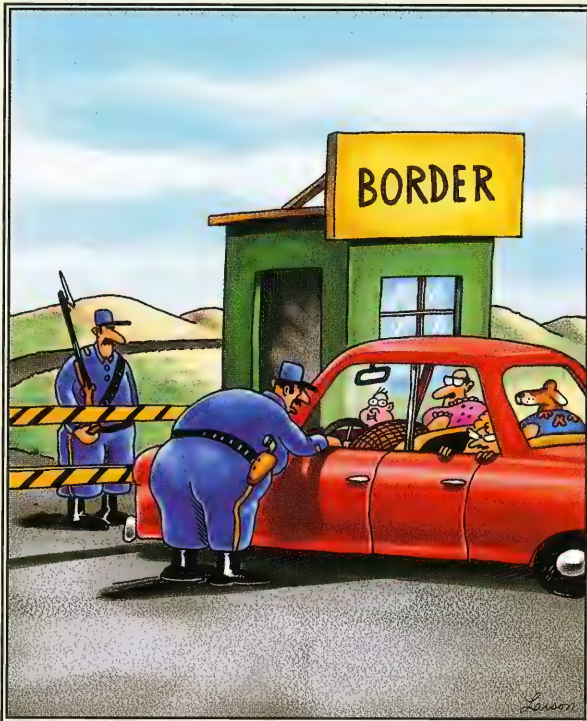
"Oh, man. ... Is that another one of those hiss-and-tell books?"

2/23/93



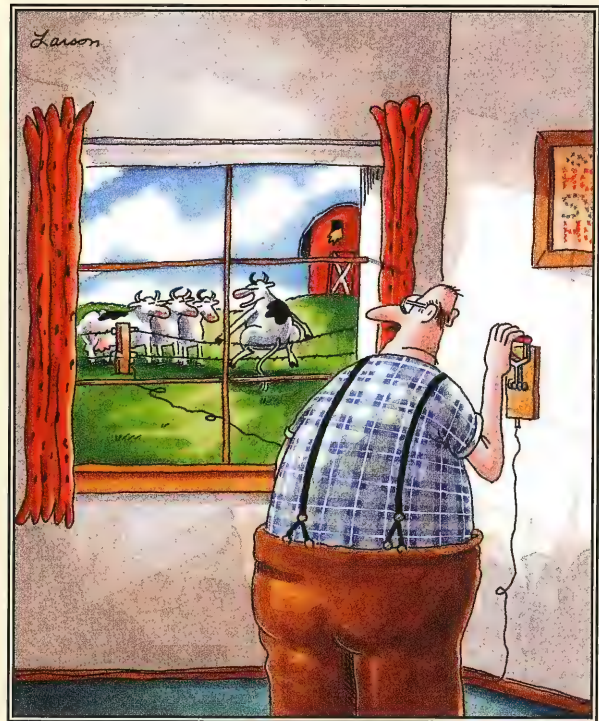
"Can't use ya, son ... says here your feet aren't flat."

2/22/93



"Excuse me, sir, but could your entire family please step out of the car? ... Your faces are not in order."

2/24/93



"Look, if it was electric, could I do this?"

2/25/93

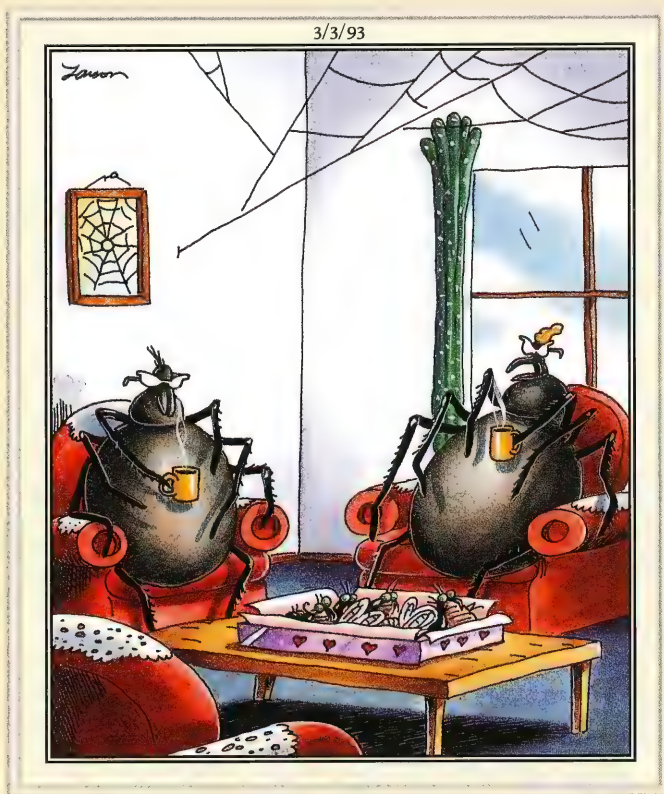


How attack-wiener dogs are trained

2/26/93



Hummingbirds, of course, have to watch nature films with the action greatly speeded up.



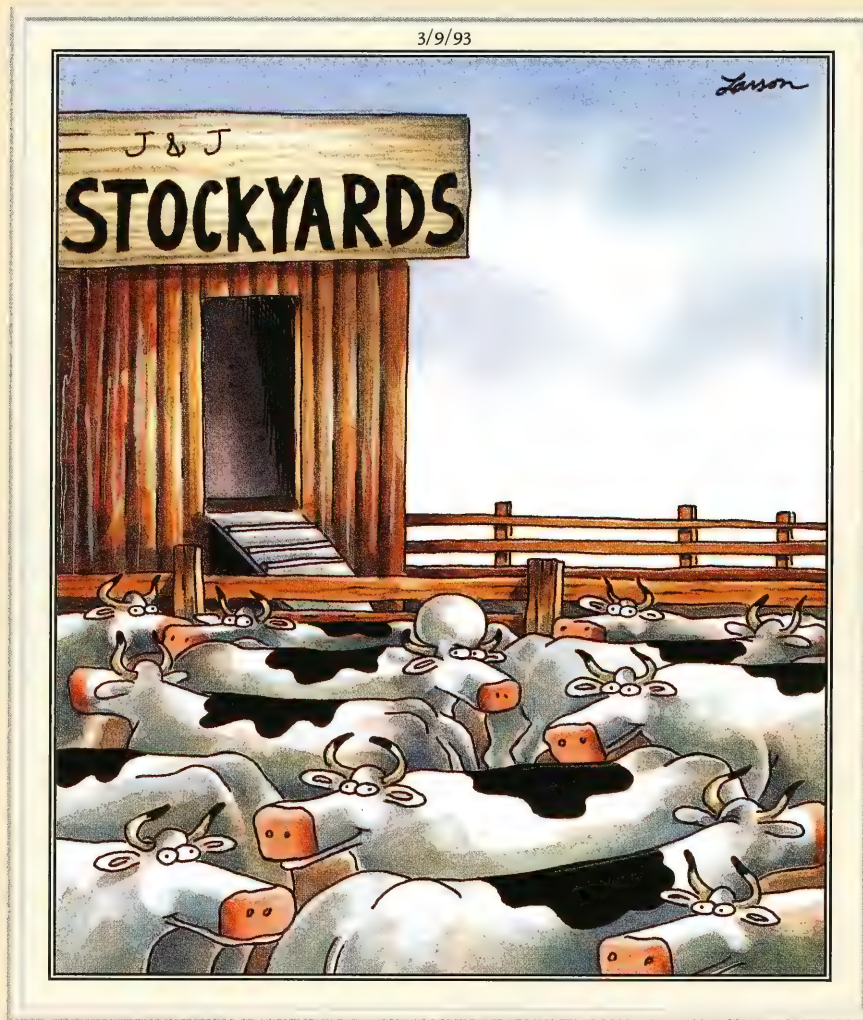
"Oh, the box of dead flies? Ramone gave them to me Saturday night during his courtship display. ... Of course, they were already sucked dry."



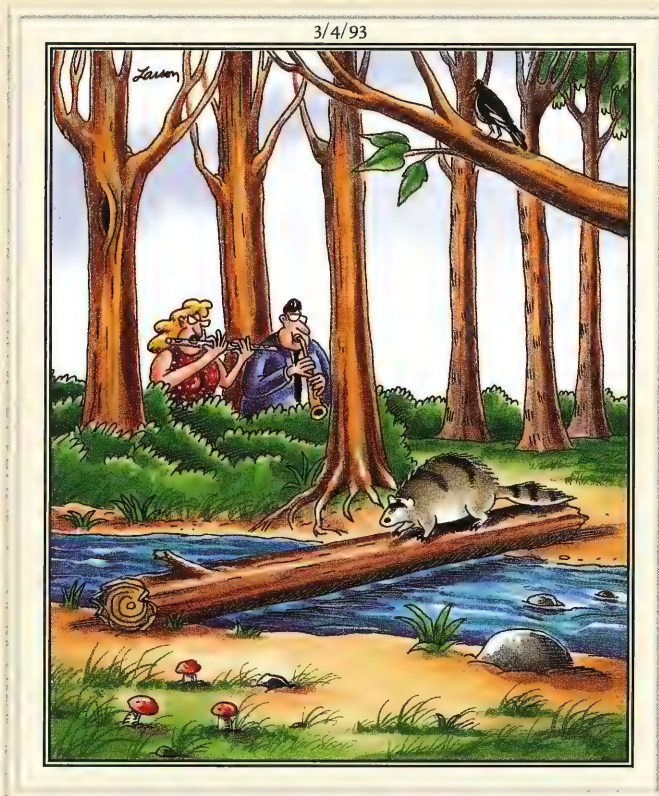
"Norm? This is Mitch. ... You were right—I found my drill."



"Hey! You! ... Yeah, you! I ain't gonna tell you again—quit spittin' on me!"



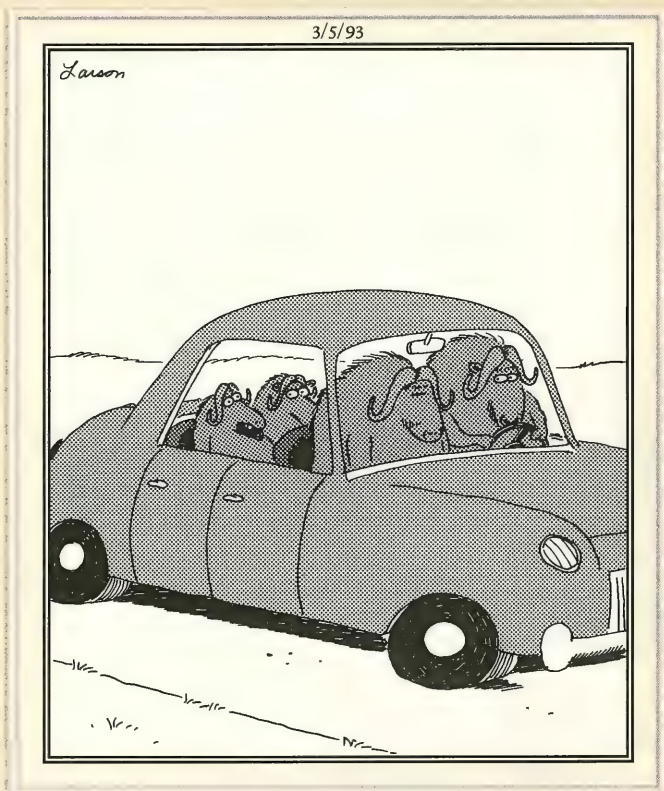
Only Claire, with her oversized brain, wore an expression of concern.



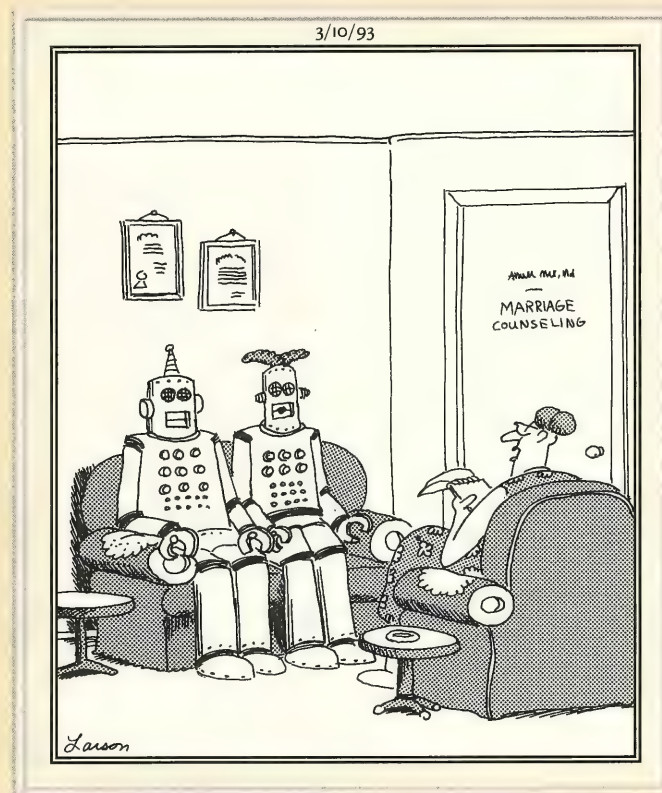
On this particular day, Rory the raccoon was hunting frogs at his favorite stream, and the pleasant background music told him that Mr. Mountain Lion was nowhere around.



"Several more deaths have been reported in the neck area, and although the authorities won't comment, some residents are blaming the new collar."



"It wasn't *me*, Dad! It was Randy's musk glands!"



"The problem, as I see it, is that you both are extremely adept at pushing each other's buttons."

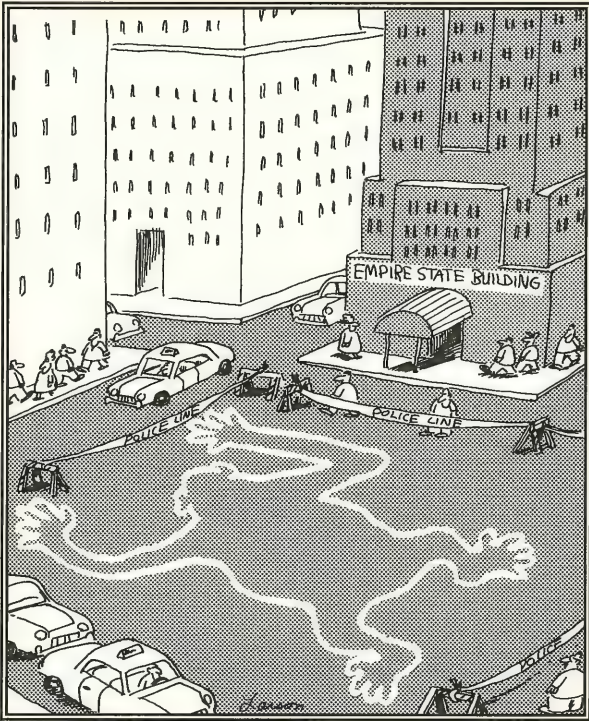


Several times more dangerous than his African cousin, the junkyard rhino offers the ultimate in property protection.



Jurassic calendars

3/11/93

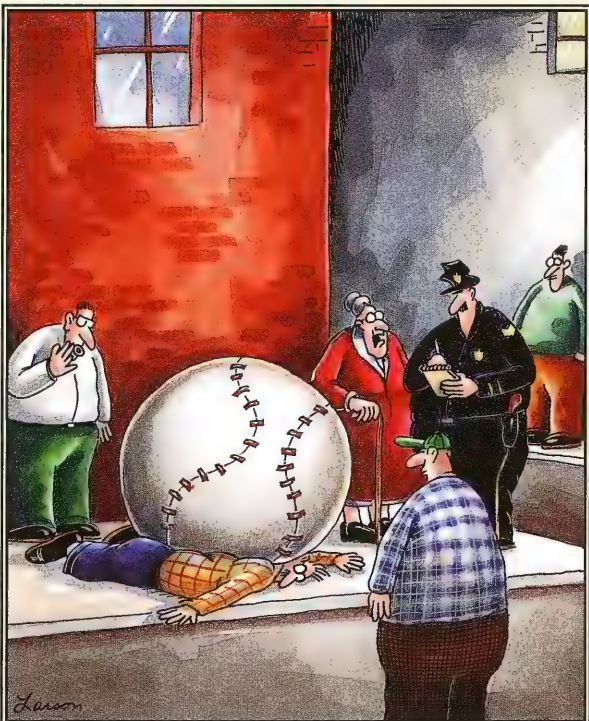


3/18/93

Larson



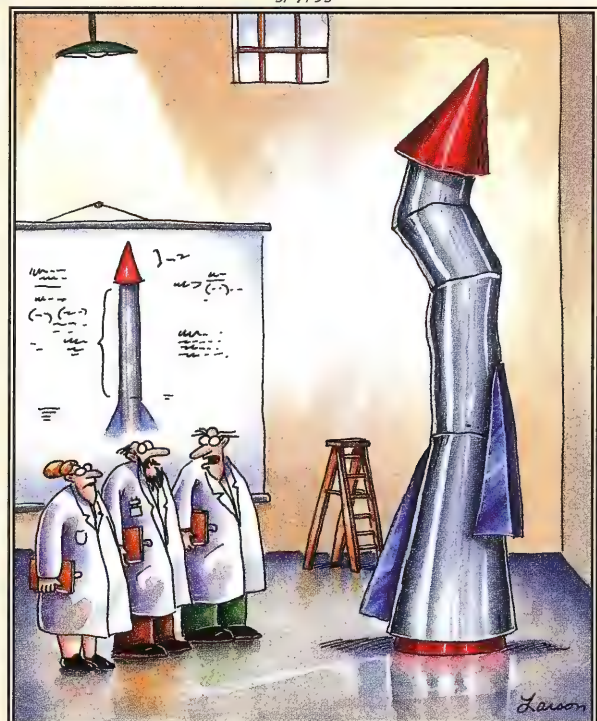
3/16/93



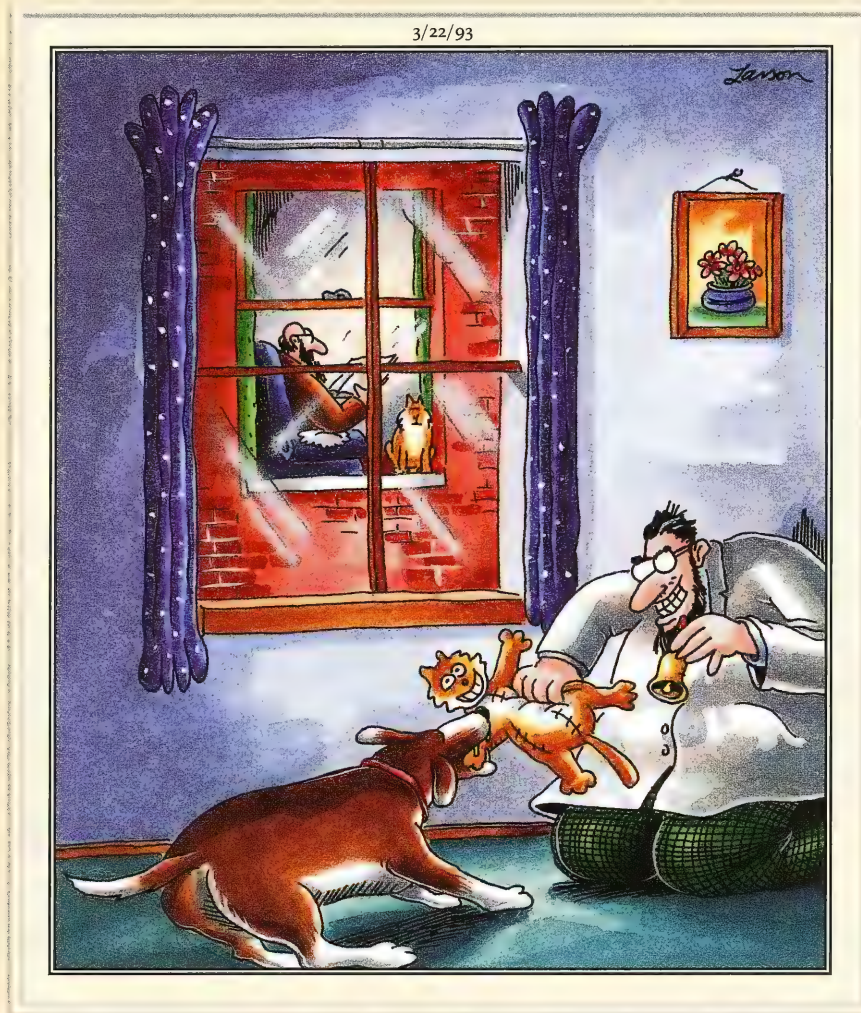
"And then, WHAM! This thing just came right out of left field."

3/17/93

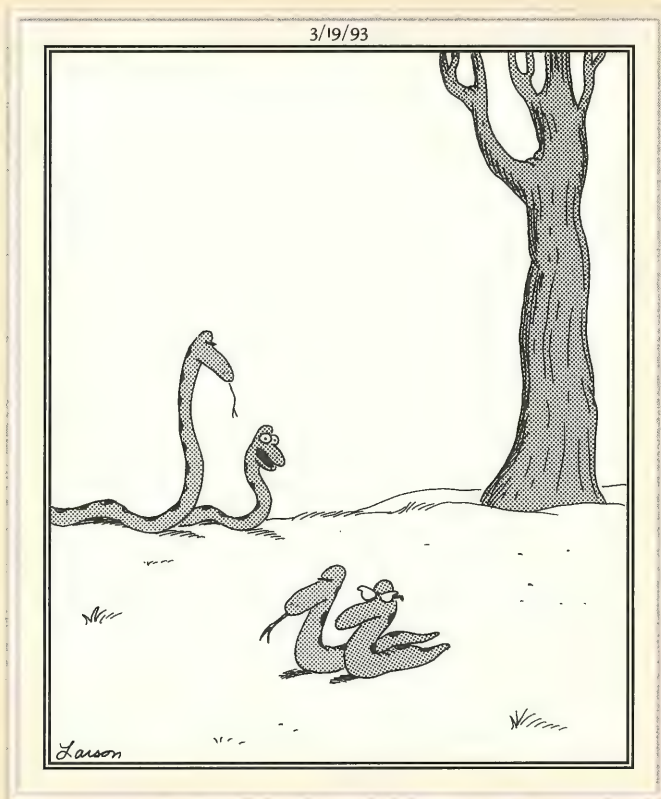
Larson



"It's time we face reality, my friends. ... We're not exactly rocket scientists."



Unbeknownst to most students of psychology, Pavlov's first experiment was to ring a bell and cause his dog to attack Freud's cat.



"Look, Dad! ... Snidgets!"



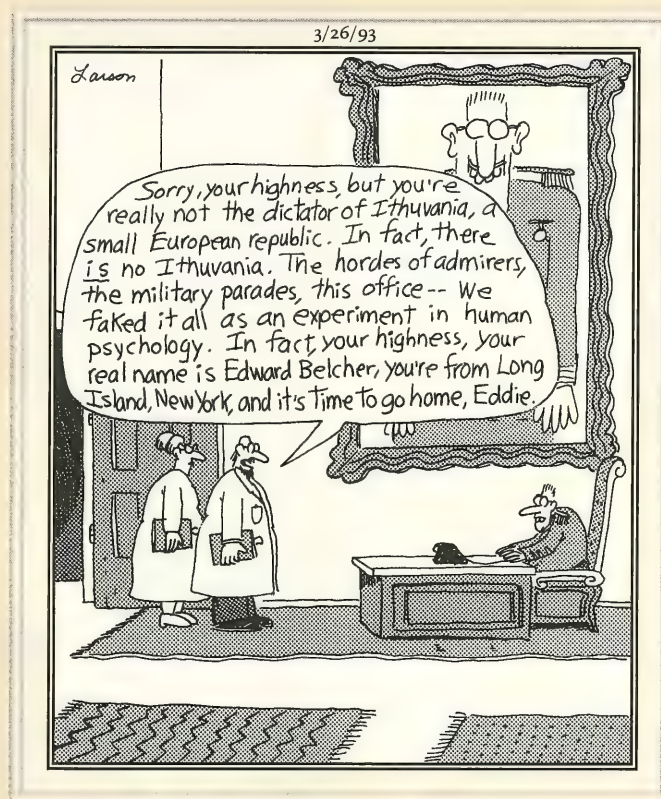
Through mostly grunts and exaggerated gestures, two fishermen-gatherers attempt to communicate.



Santa arrives in the New World.



"Boy, everyone's really out wandering the streets tonight. ... I tell you, Charles, we're getting to be real home zombies."



3/24/93



Larson

"Dang! ... Stiff neck!"

3/30/93



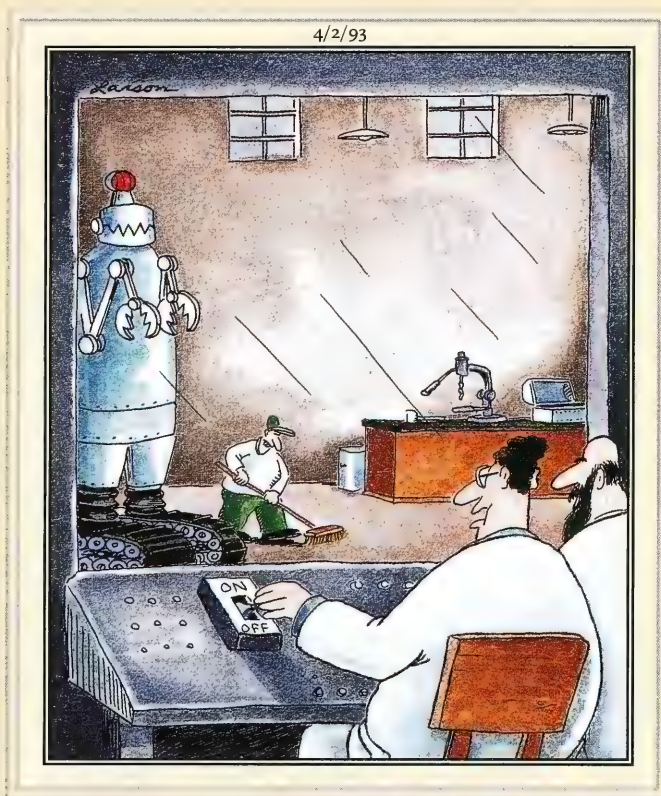
Larson

3/31/93

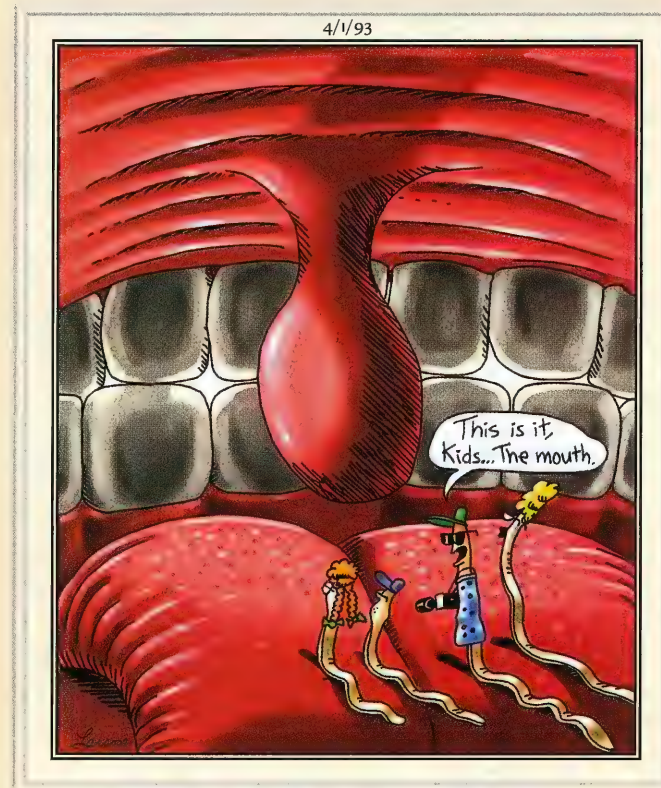


Larson

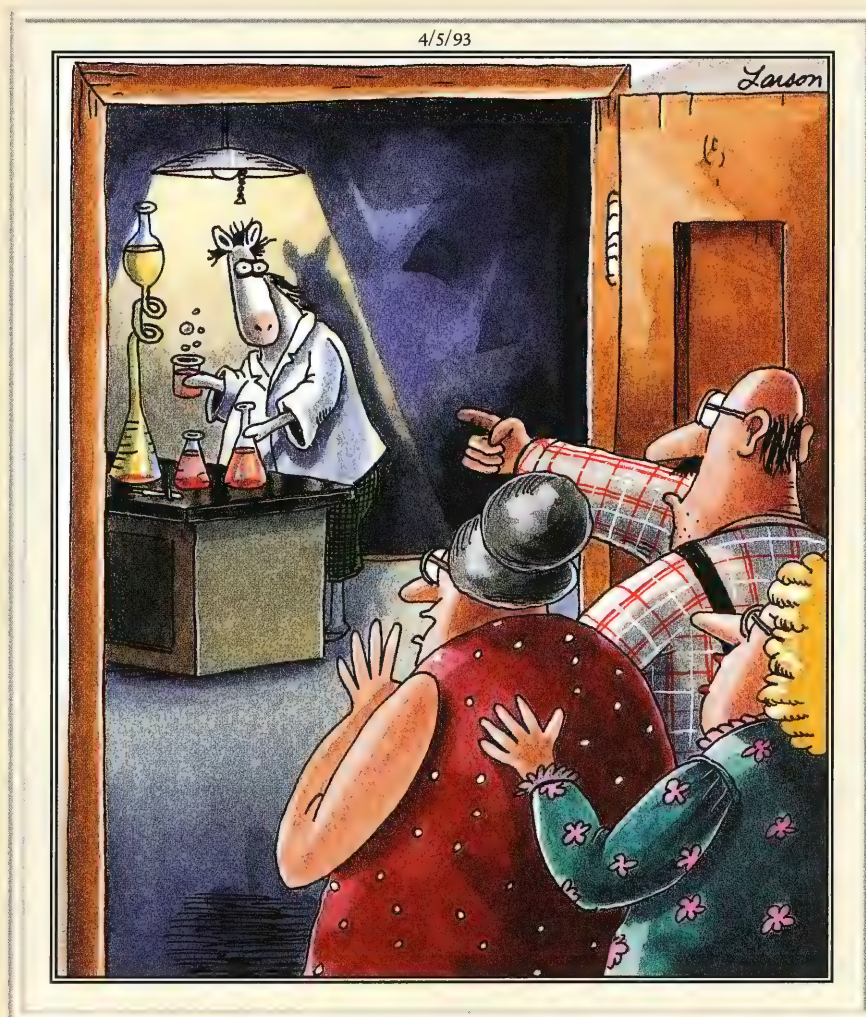
Drive-by erasings



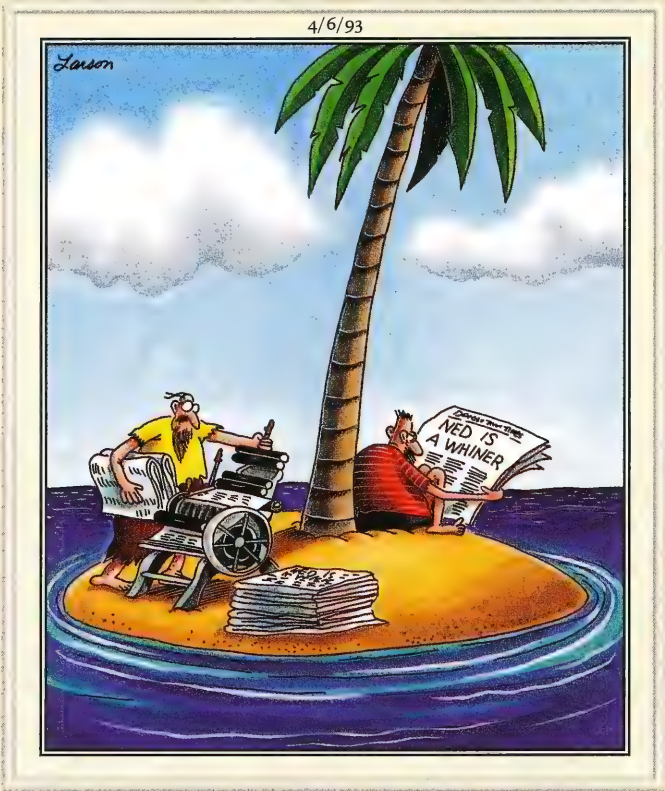
"Hey, who's that? ... Oh—Mitch, the janitor.
Well, our first test run has just gotten a
little more interesting."



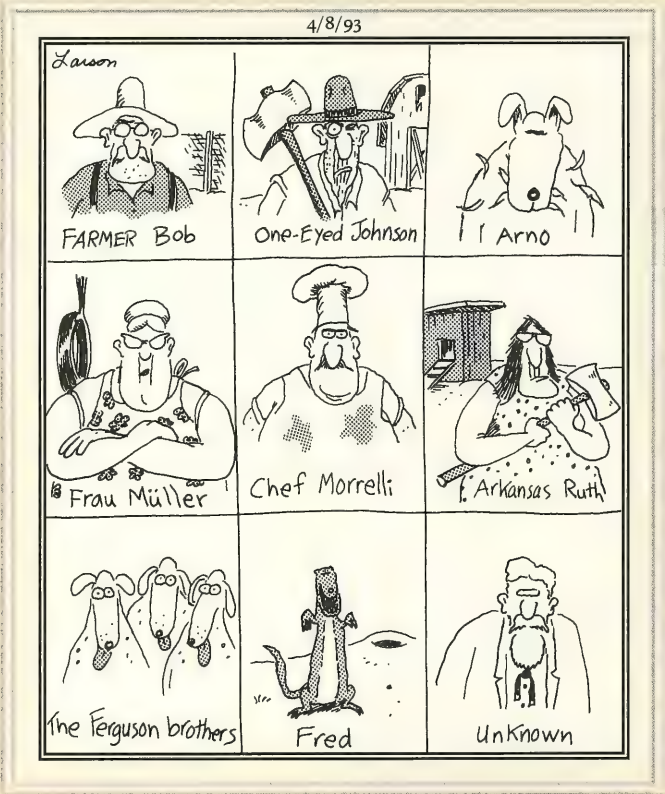
Tapeworms on vacation



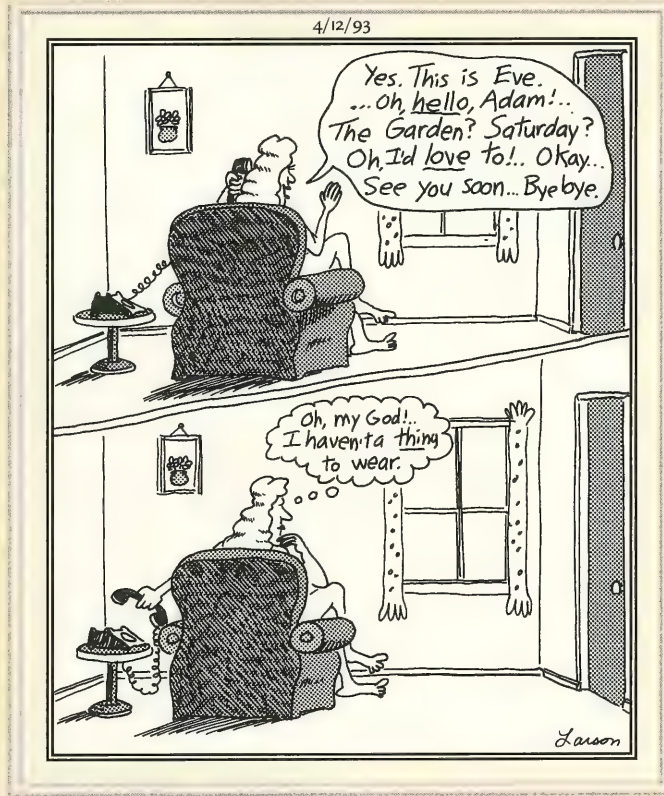
Scene from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Ed*



Hot off the press, the very first edition of the *Desert Island Times* caused the newspaper to quickly fold.



Chicken serial killers



4/9/93



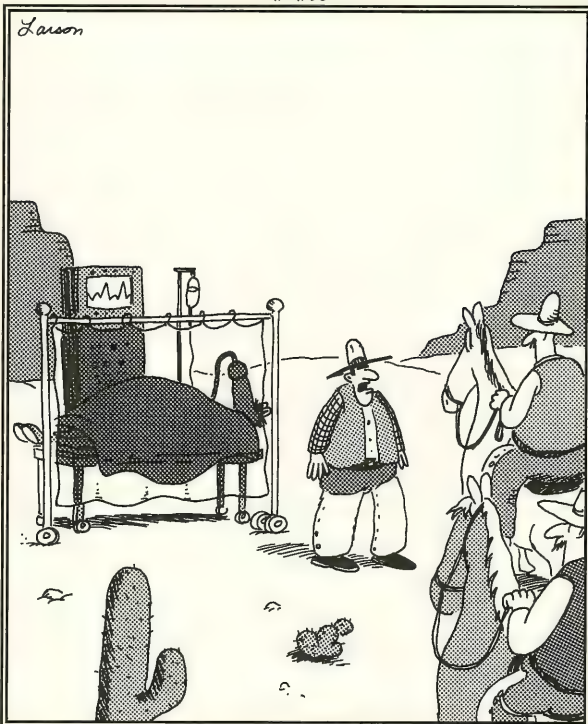
"One more time: You were at the park, enjoying the afternoon, when you distinctly heard the defendant turn to his dog and say, 'Look, boy! A stickman!'"

4/15/93



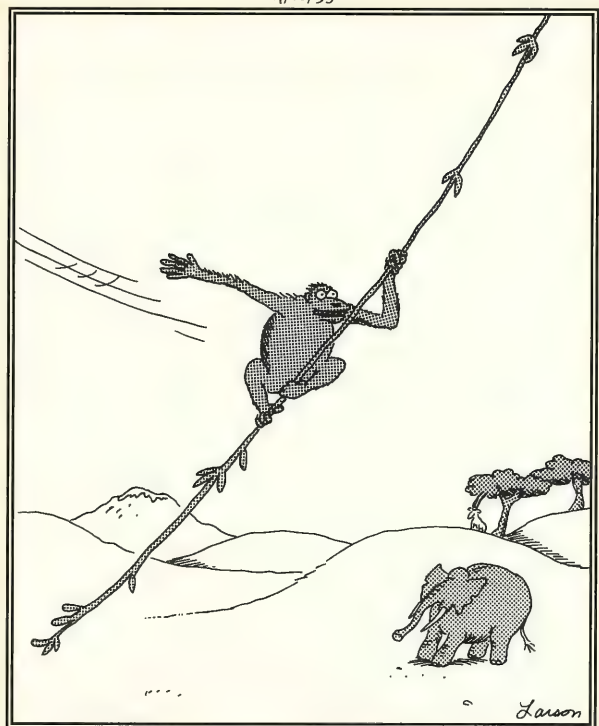
"Hey! You're not lookin' to buy anything, are you? ... I think you best just keep movin', buddy."

4/14/93



"Am I glad you boys came along! ... My horse seems to have come up lame."

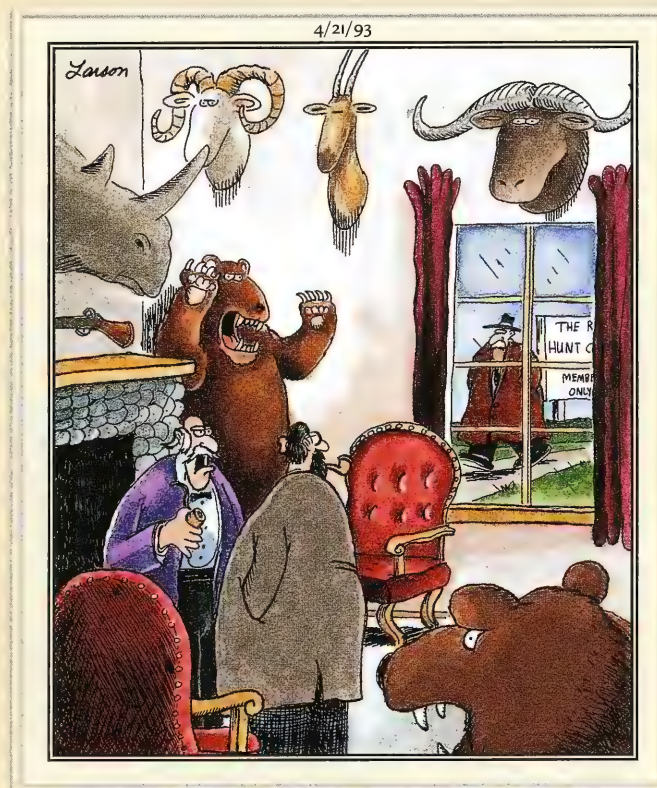
4/16/93



He had seen Tanzania, and most of Mozambique was already behind him. There was no mistake. Chippy had done what most chimps only dream about: He had caught the Perfect Vine.



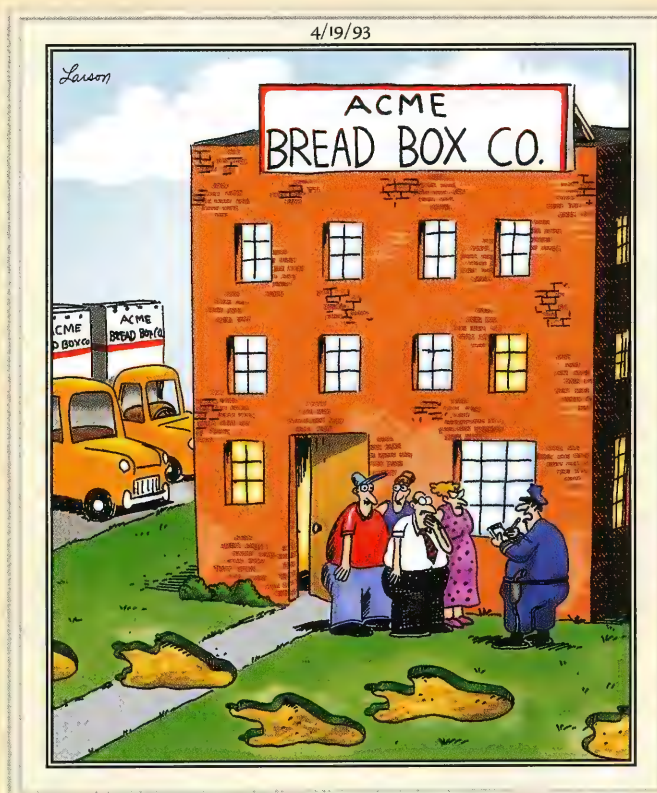
As witnesses later recalled, two small dogs just waltzed into the place, grabbed the cat, and waltzed out.



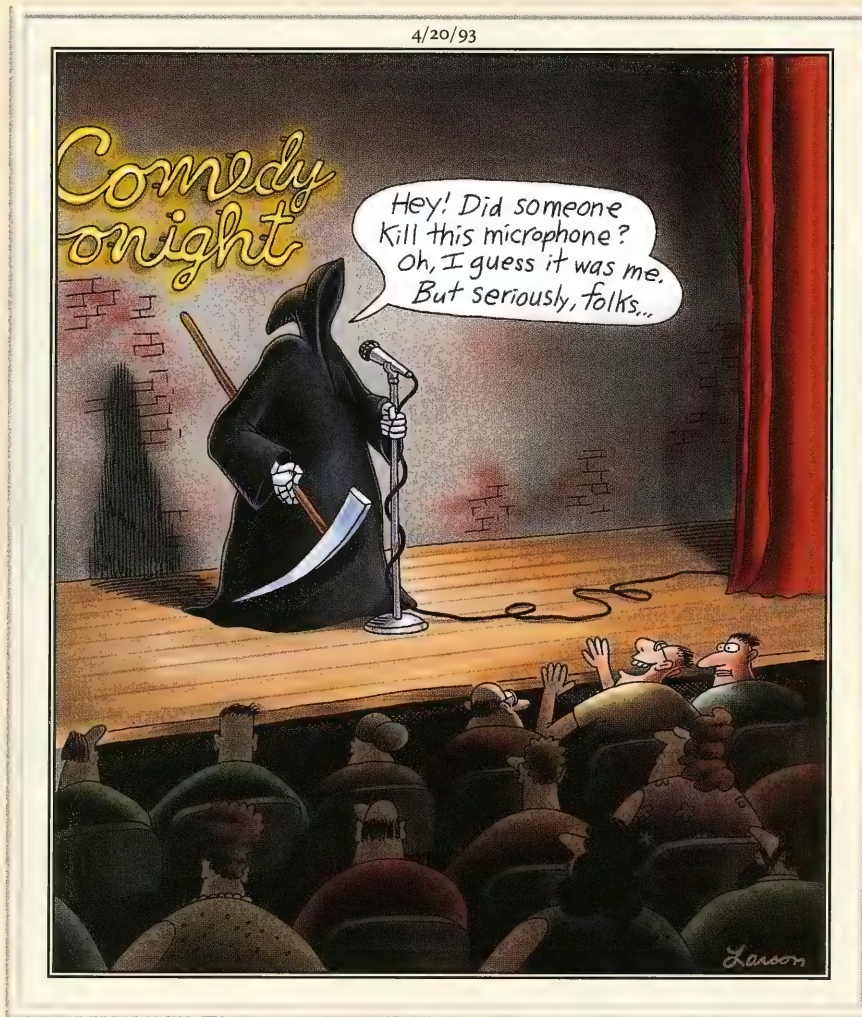
"Oh, God! Here comes Finchley! ... He's out of the closet, you know—says he kills only for food, not for sport."



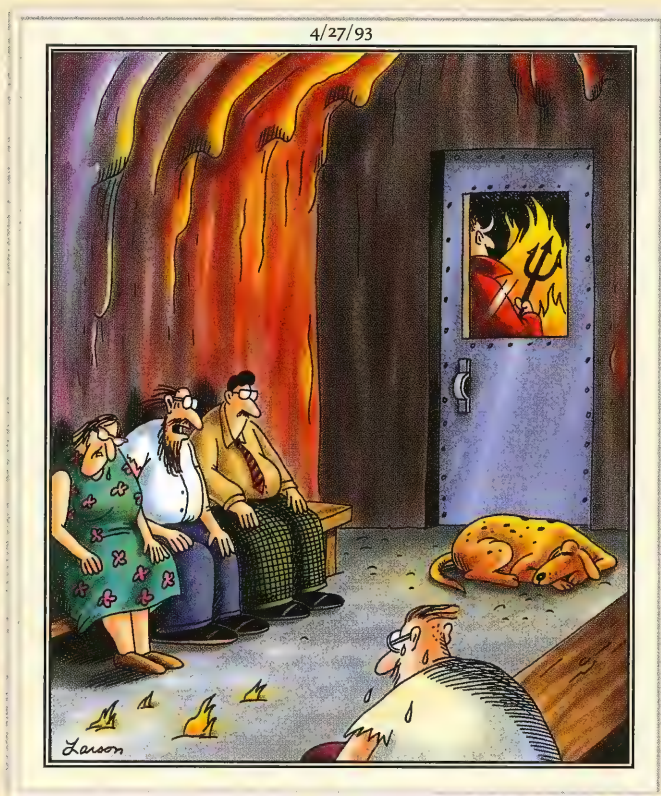
"He kids me ... he kids me not. ... He kids me ... he kids me not. ..."



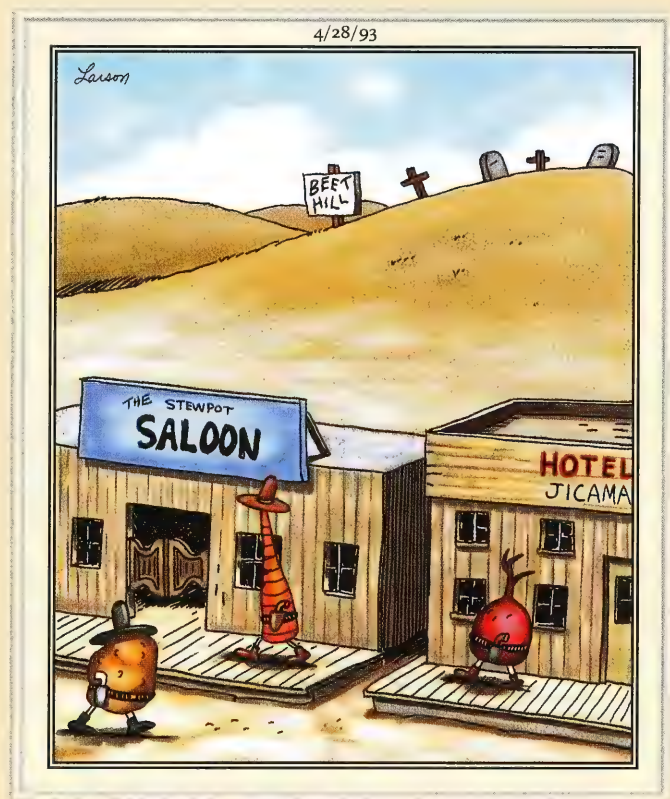
"Okay, okay! Calm down, everyone! ... This monster—would you say he was bigger or smaller than your building? ... You can talk it over."



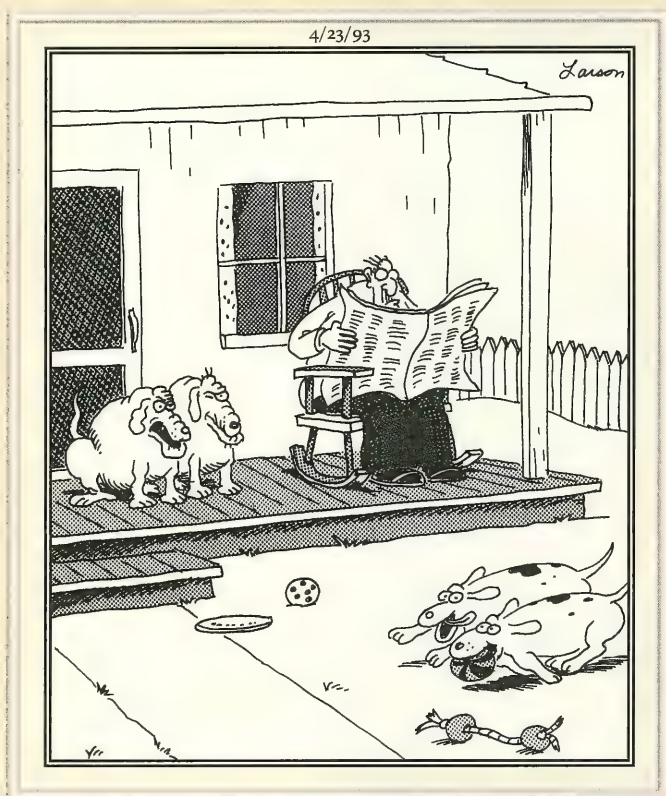
Only Bernard, in the front row, had the nerve to laugh at Death.



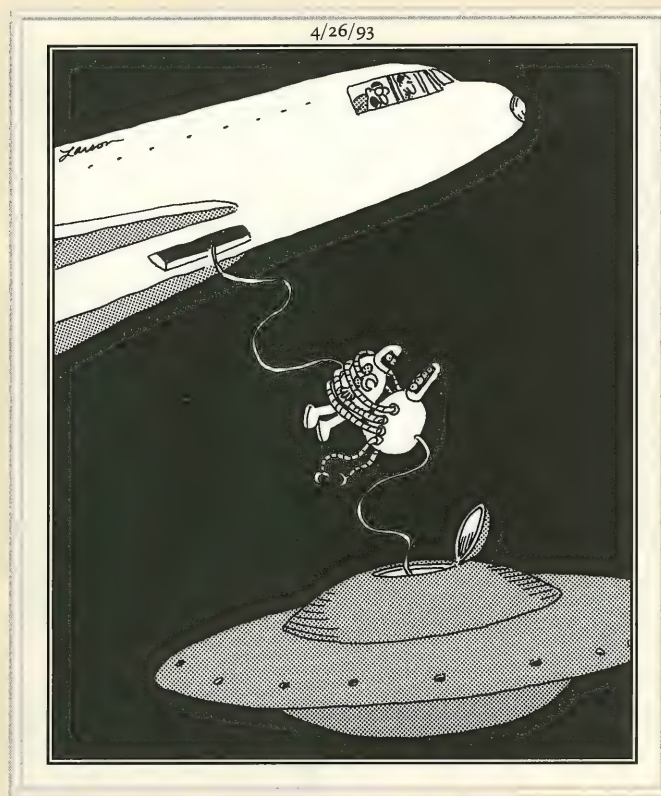
"His story? Well, I dunno. ... I always assumed he was just a bad dog."



It was no place for yellow squash.



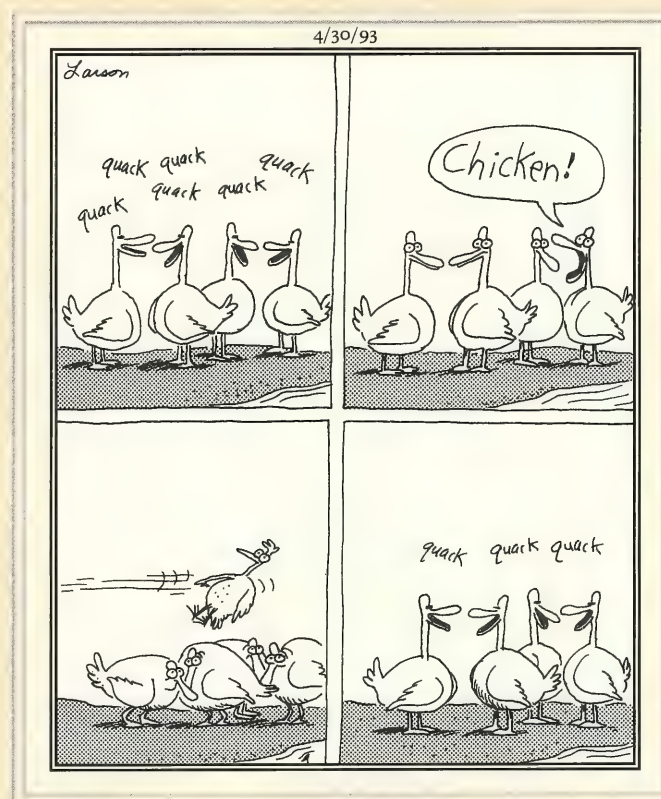
"Man, these pups today with all their fancy balls and whatnot. ... Why, back in our day, we had to play with a half-rotted cat's head."



"We've done it! They've linked up! ... Man, Feldman must be freaking out—he even hates spiders."



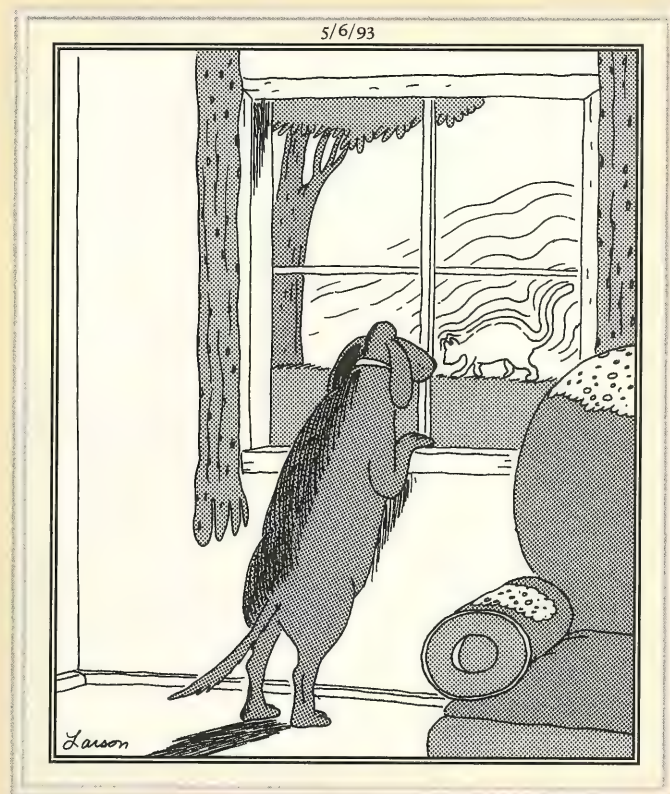
Back in his college days, Igor was known as the HBOC.



"And so," the interviewer asked, "Do you ever have trouble coming up with ideas?"
"Well, sometimes," the cartoonist replied.



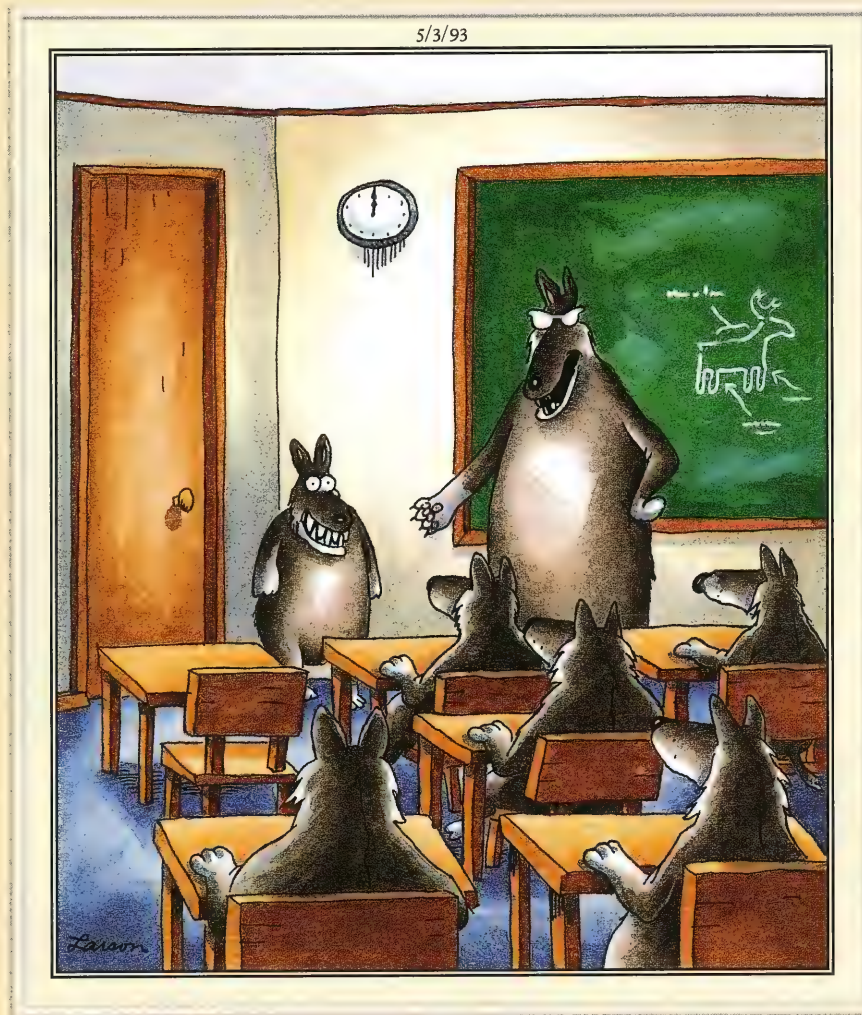
"Whoa! Look at Zagar! ...
He dressed to the twos!"



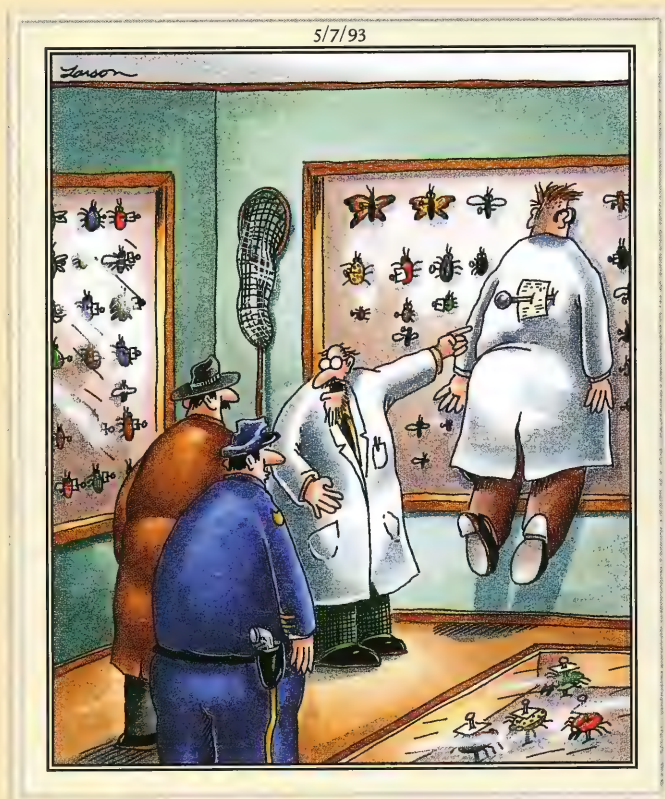
On hot days, dogs are often subject to the
phenomenon of cat mirages.



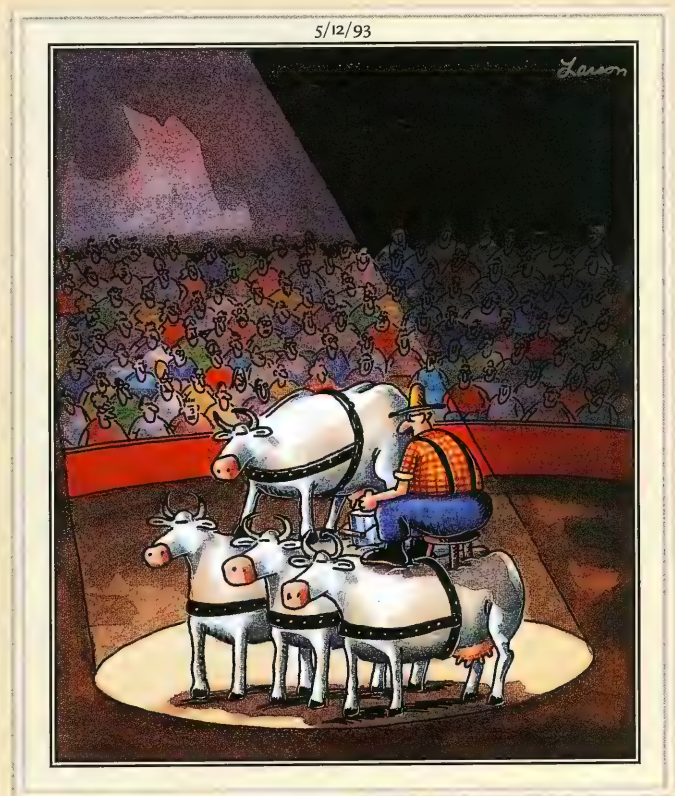
What the stranger didn't know, of course, was that
Sam always kept a Dobie in his boot.



"Okay, time for lunch. ... And Dwayne here will be dismissing you by row number, since he's the alpha wolf today."

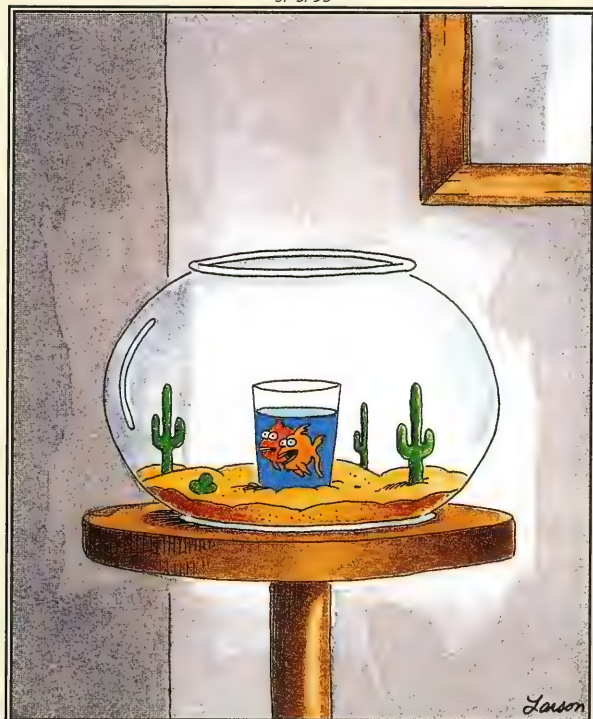


"Professor LaVonne had many enemies in the entomological world, detective, but if you examine that data label, you'll find exactly when and where he was—shall we say—'collected.'"



The magnificent Lipizzaner cows

5/13/93



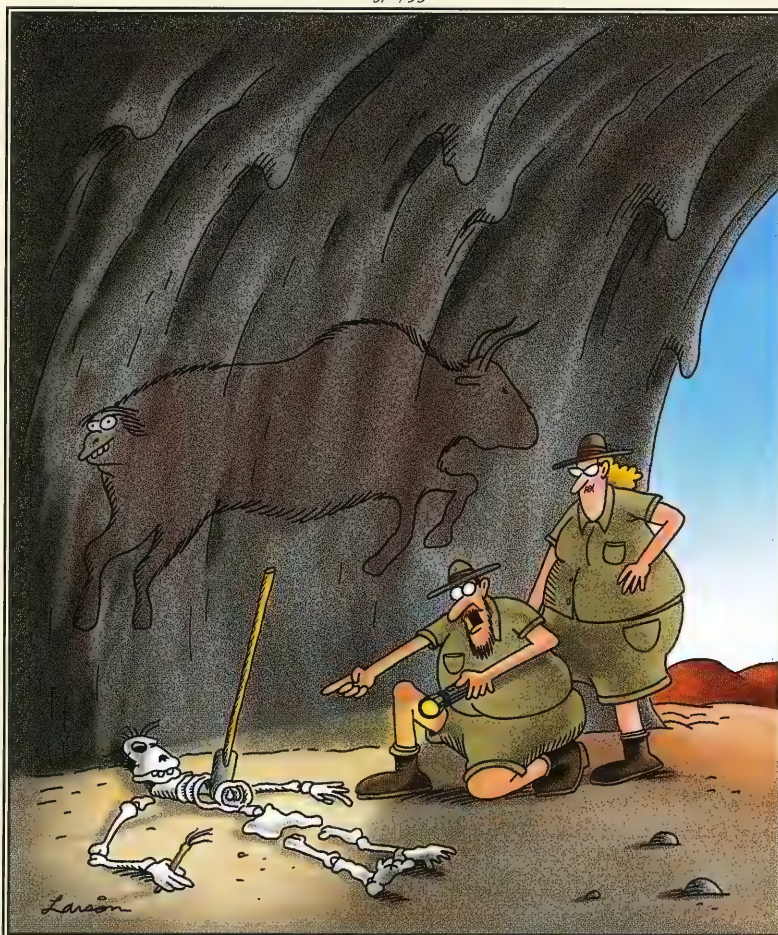
"I love the desert."

5/14/93

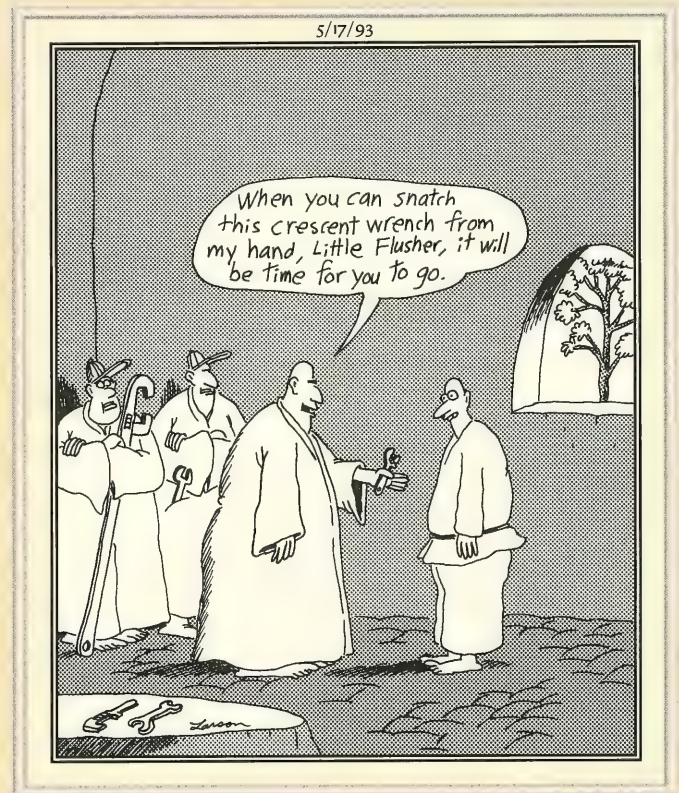
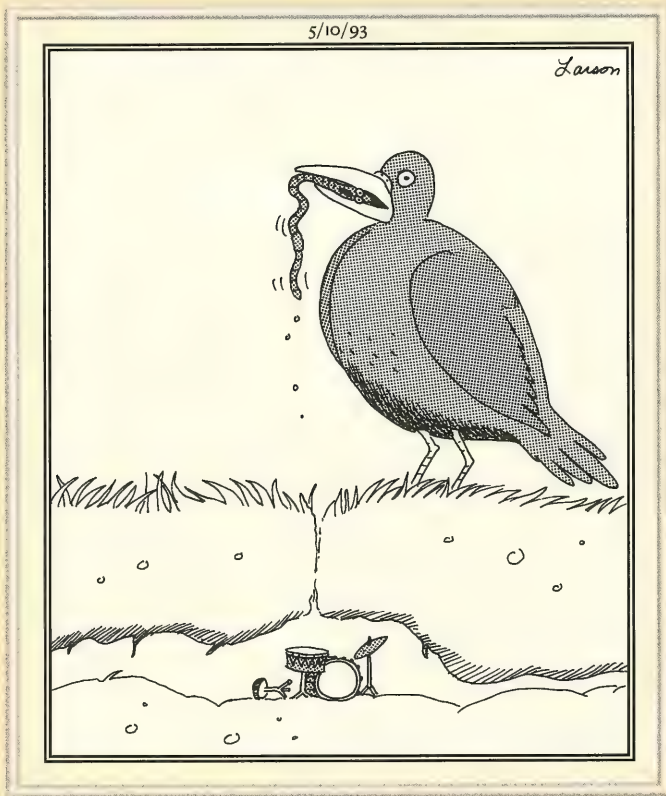


"There he is! ... Bruno! Bad dog!"

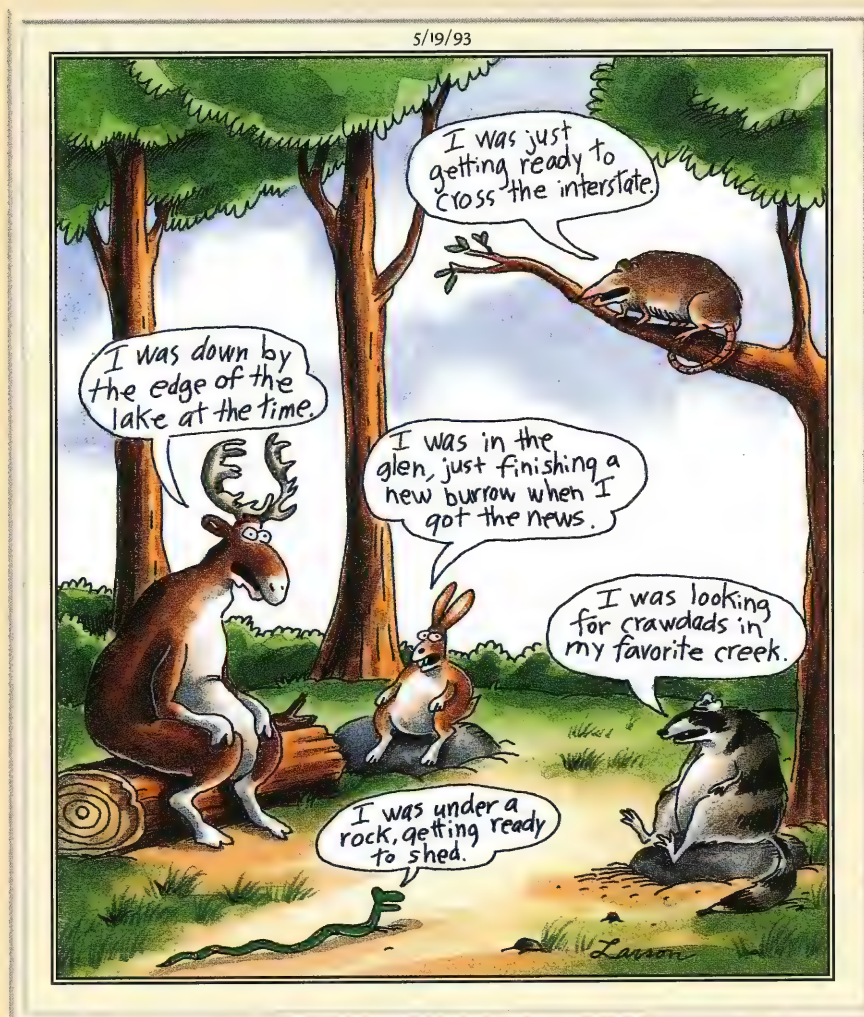
5/11/93



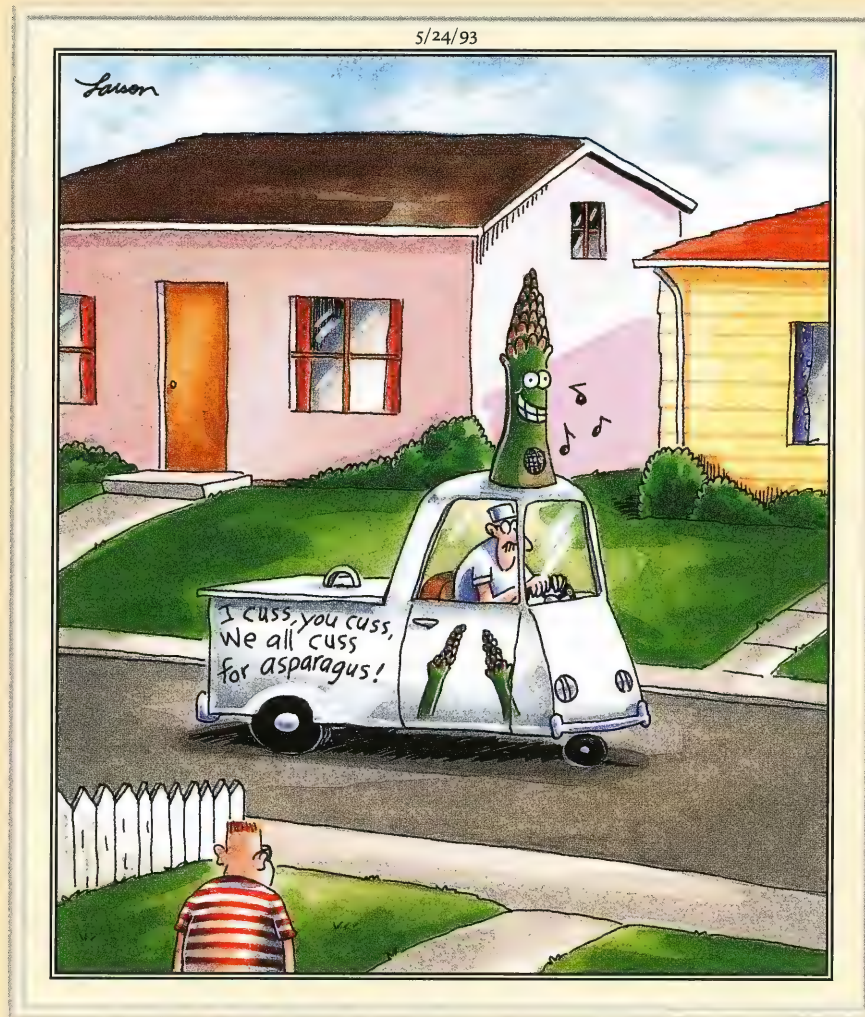
"Amazing! The mummified remains of a prehistoric cave-painter, still clutching his brush! ... Seems he made an enemy, though."



The Shaolin School of Plumbing



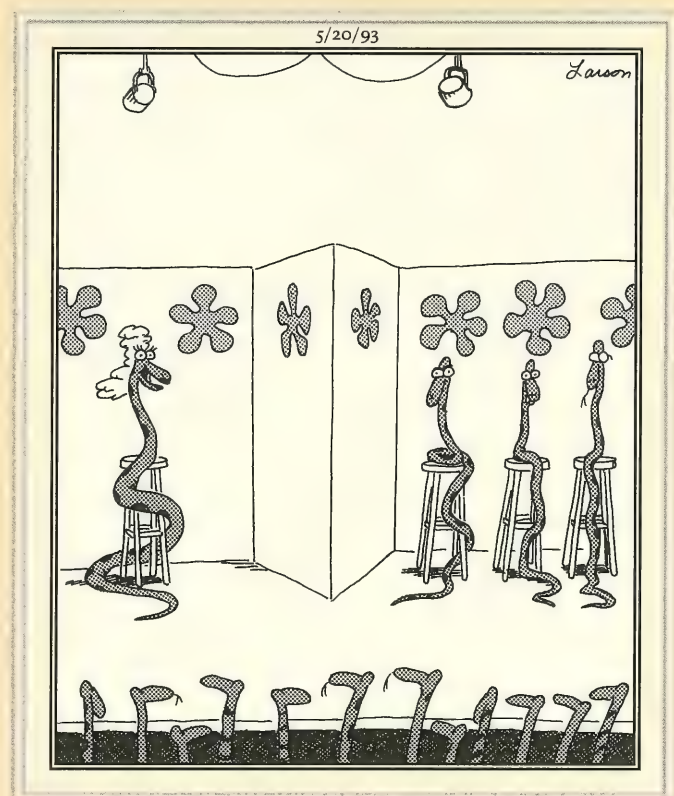
More facts of nature: All forest animals, to this very day, remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when they heard that Bambi's mother had been shot.



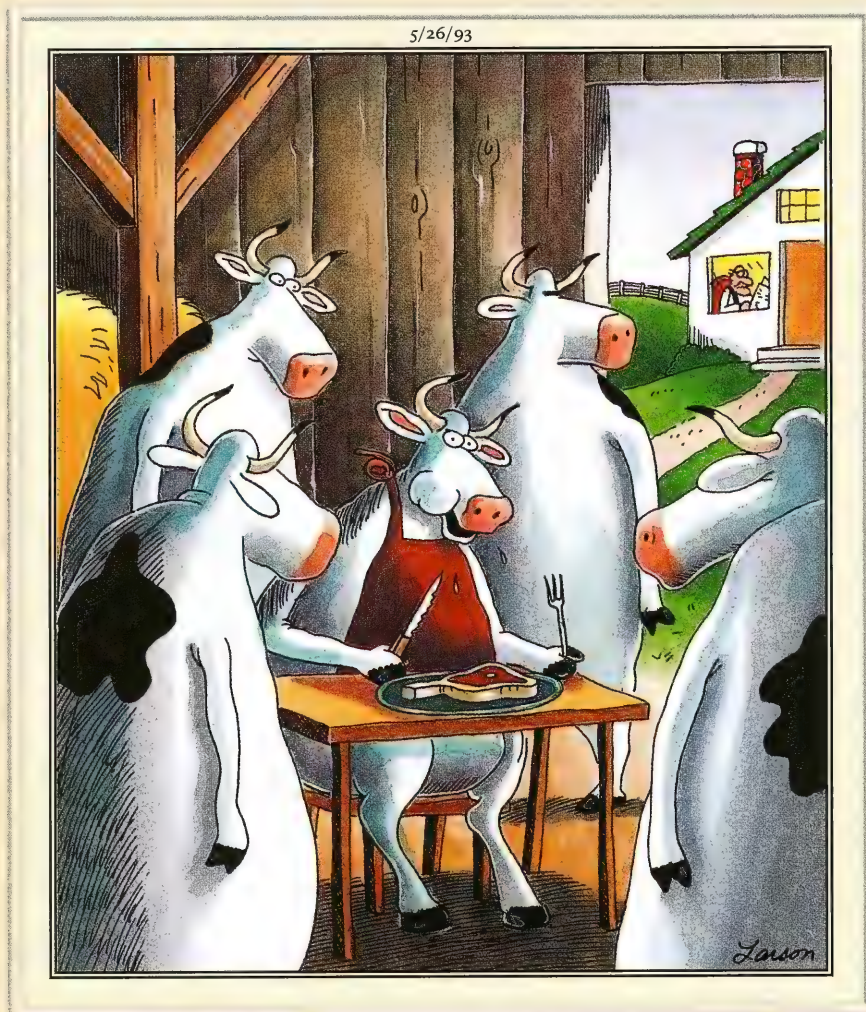
Failed marketing ploys



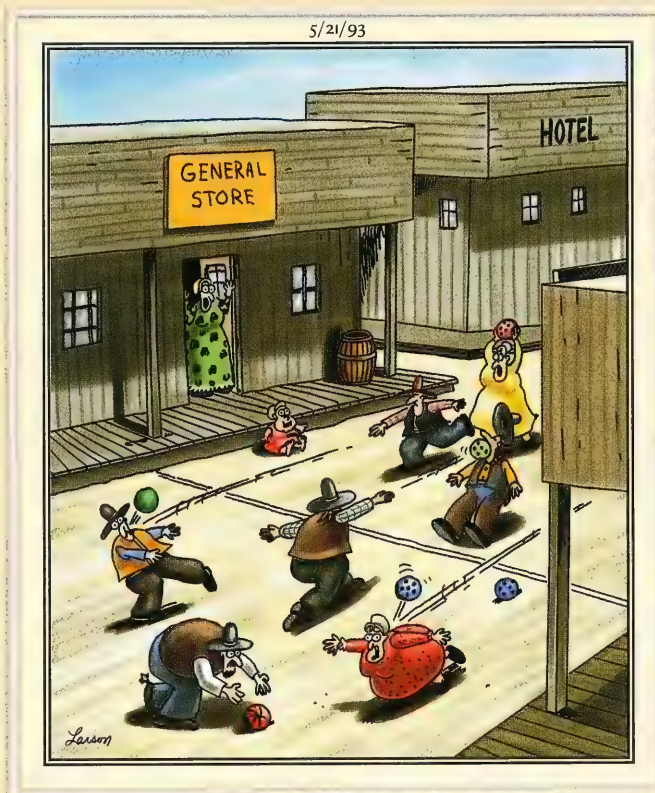
Octopus obedience school



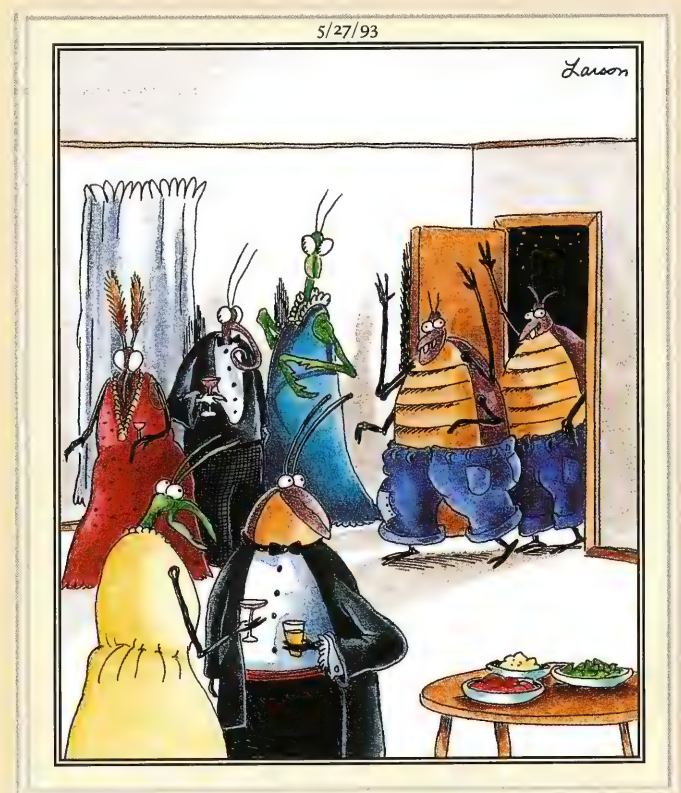
"Bachelor No. 3: Who would you rather swallow—Mickey Mouse, Speedy Gonzales, or Rocky the Flying Squirrel? ... And why?"



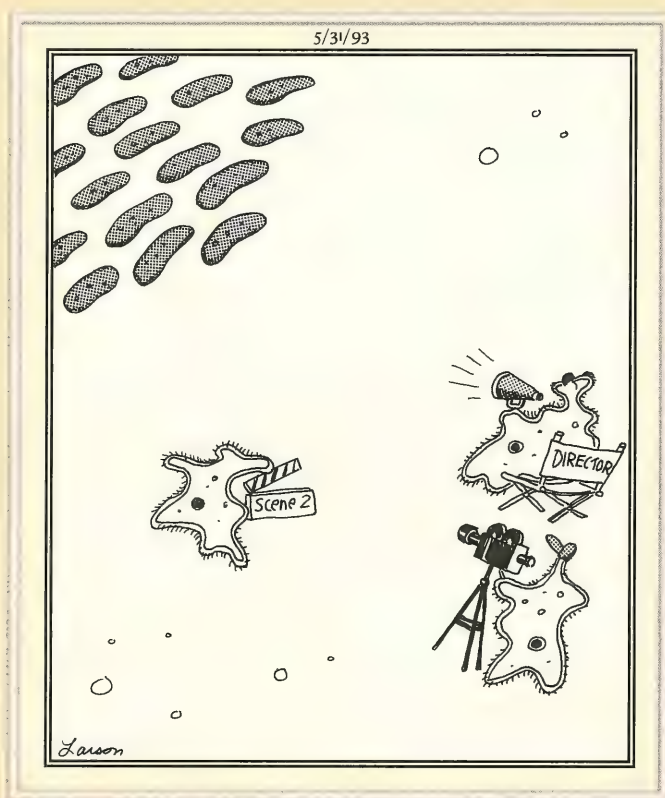
"Mmmmmm ... interesting ... interesting. ... Well, I'd say we taste a little like chicken."



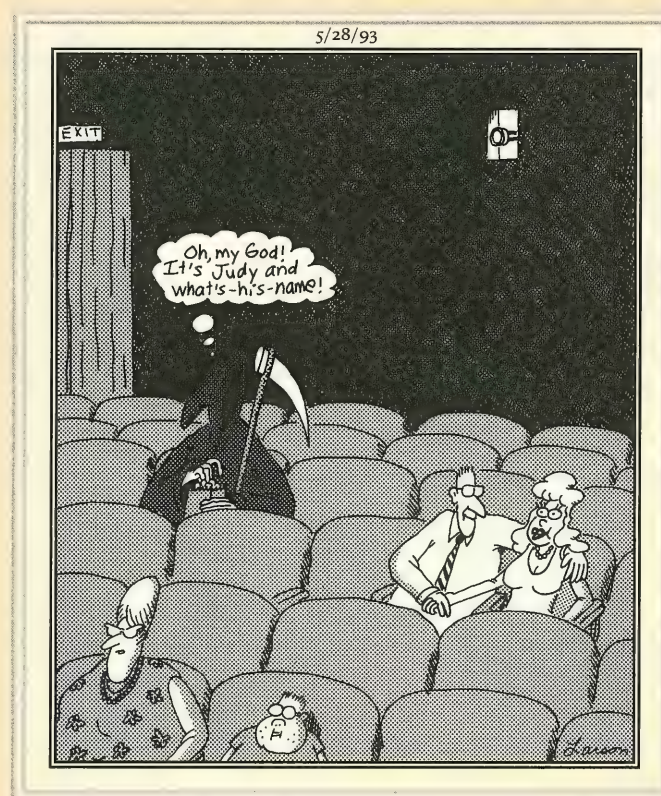
It was a tough frontier town; but later, after the arrival of the Earp brothers, things calmed down, and the town's name was shortened to simply Dodge City.



"Oh, my God! Dung beetles! ... And in their filthy dungarees, of course!"



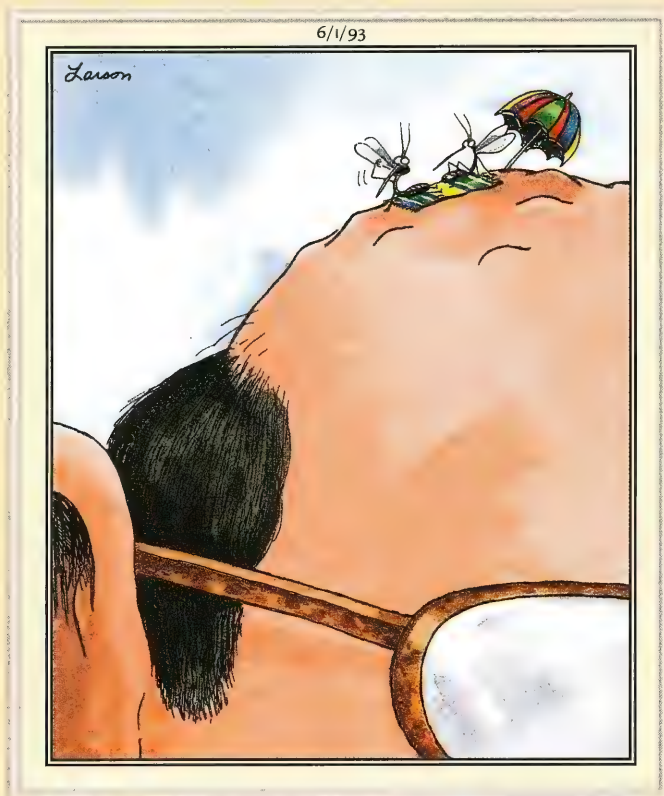
"Okay! When I say 'action,' all you bacteria charge the camera! ... Remember, this is the biggest scene in the whole movie—relatively speaking!"



As his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, Death suddenly noticed his girlfriend sitting with Dr. Jack Kevorkian.



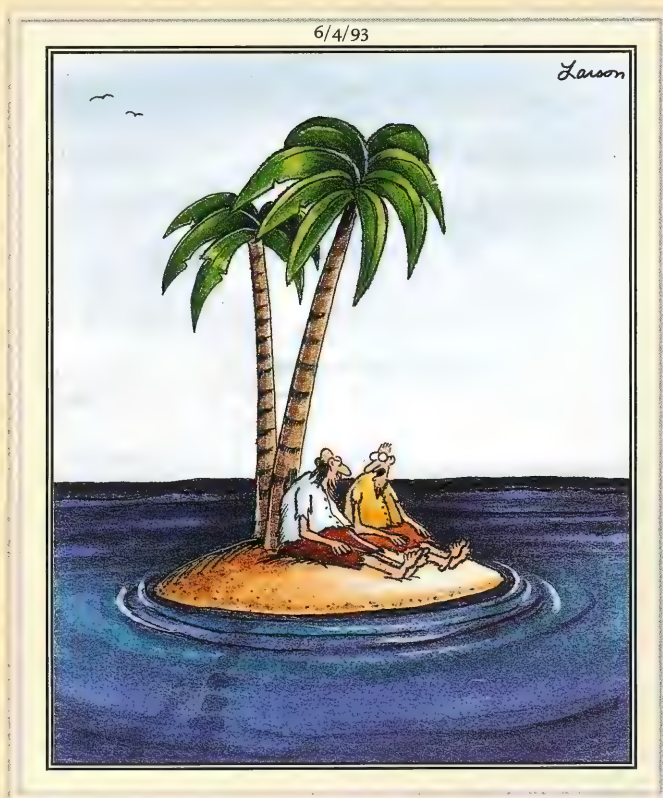
"Well, lemme think. ... You've stumped me, son. Most folks only wanna know how to go the other way."



"Wow. ... That's ironic. I think something bit me."



"Oh, boy, was *that* an ugly day. ... Roy instantly took the bird in to be debeaked, all the way yelling, 'Tit for tat! Tit for tat!'"

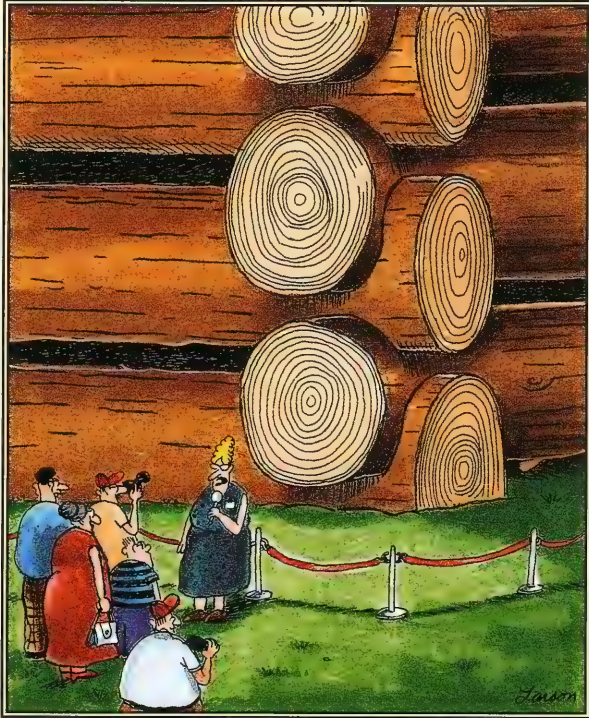


"Thanks for being my friend, Wayne."



The curse of songwriter's block

6/8/93



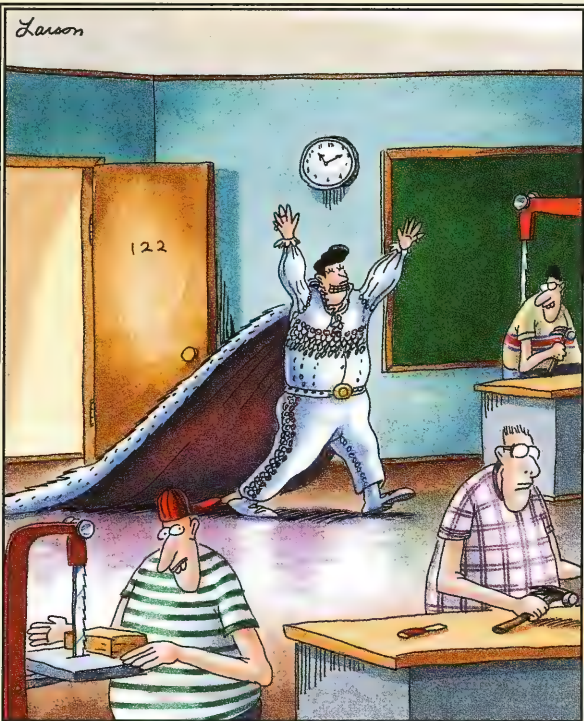
"Of course, one of the more popular myths is that our 16th president was born in a little log cabin."

6/9/93



"You know, boys, sometimes I stare up at the stars like this and I wonder ... I wonder wonder who ... who wrote *The Book of Love*?"

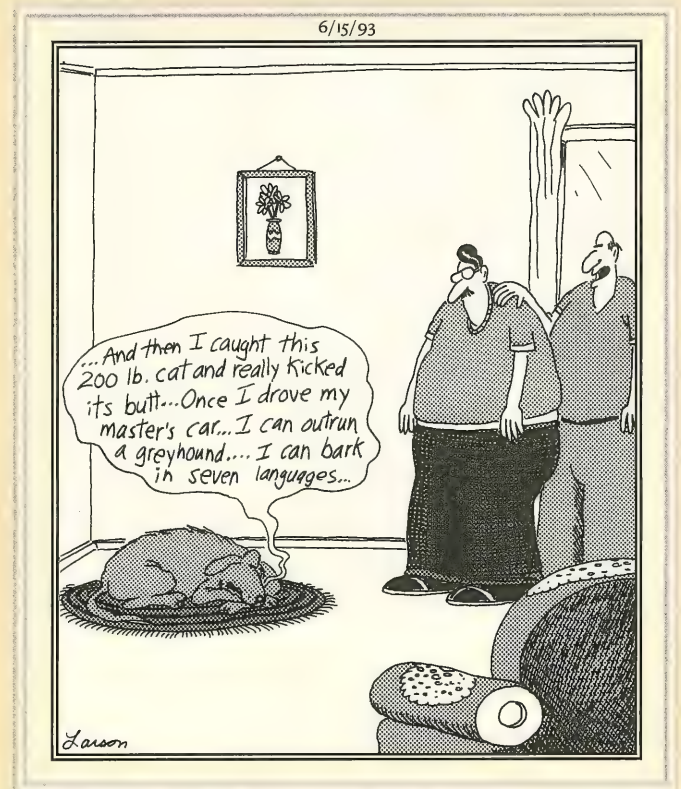
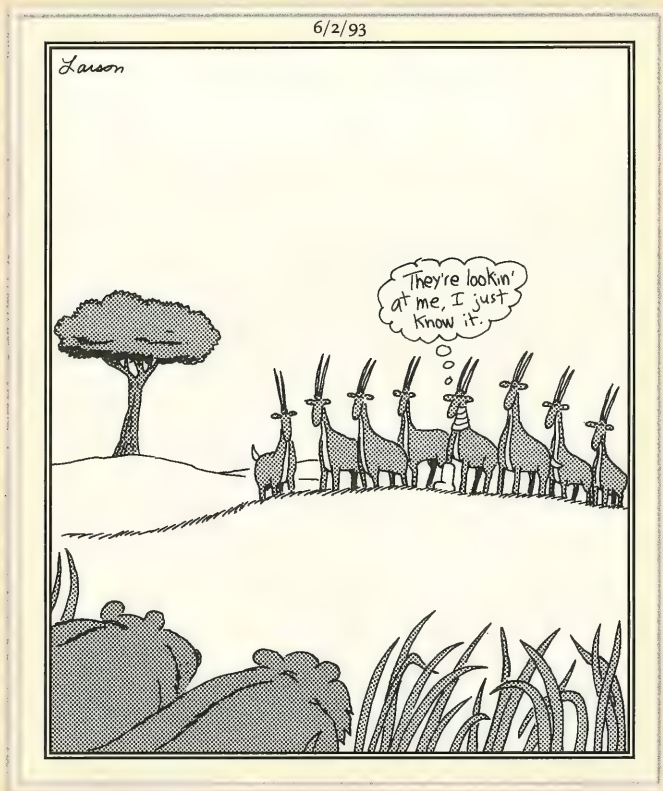
6/10/93



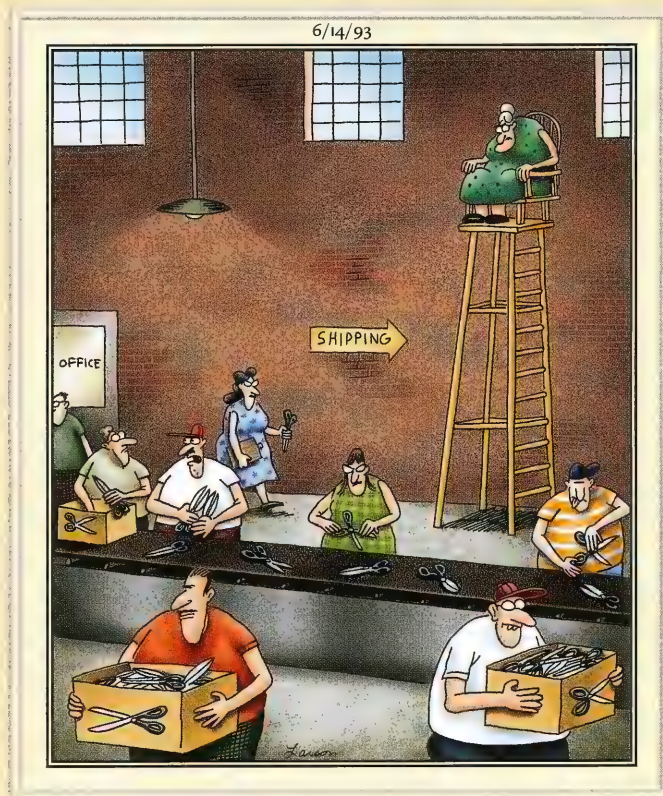
Long before his show business career, he was known as *Mr. Liberace*, the wood-shop teacher.

6/11/93

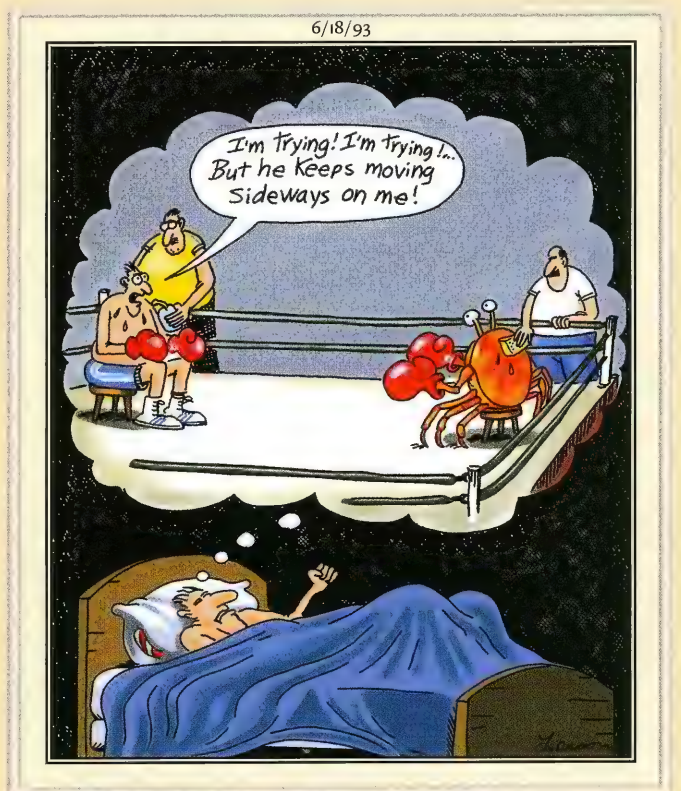




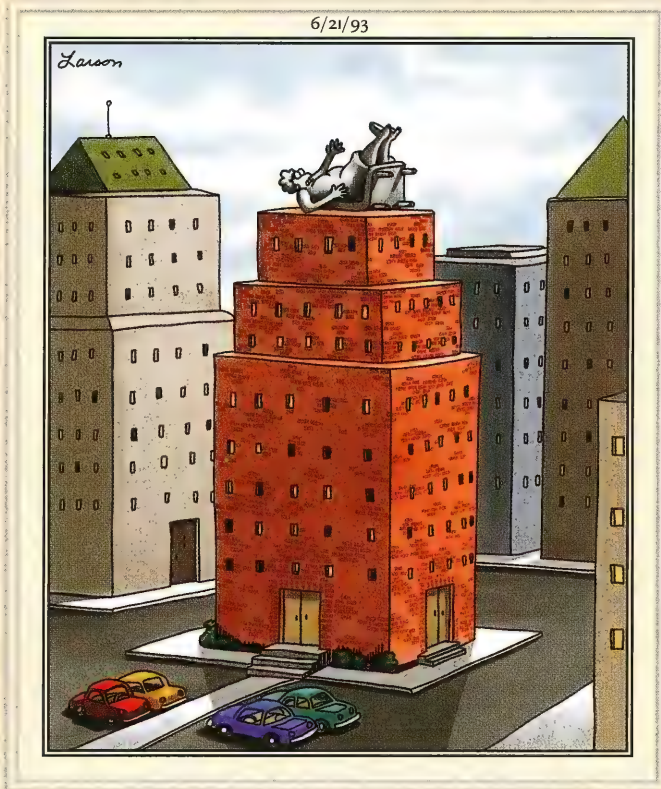
"Edgar! Leave him be! ... Always best to let sleeping dogs lie."



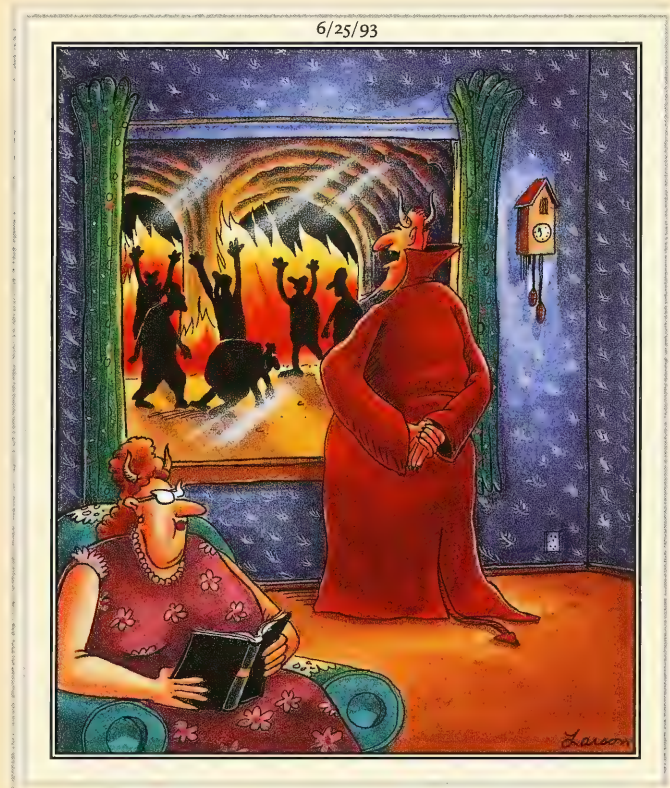
"You must be new here! ... That's Miss Crutchfield, and she's there to make sure *nobody* runs with scissors."



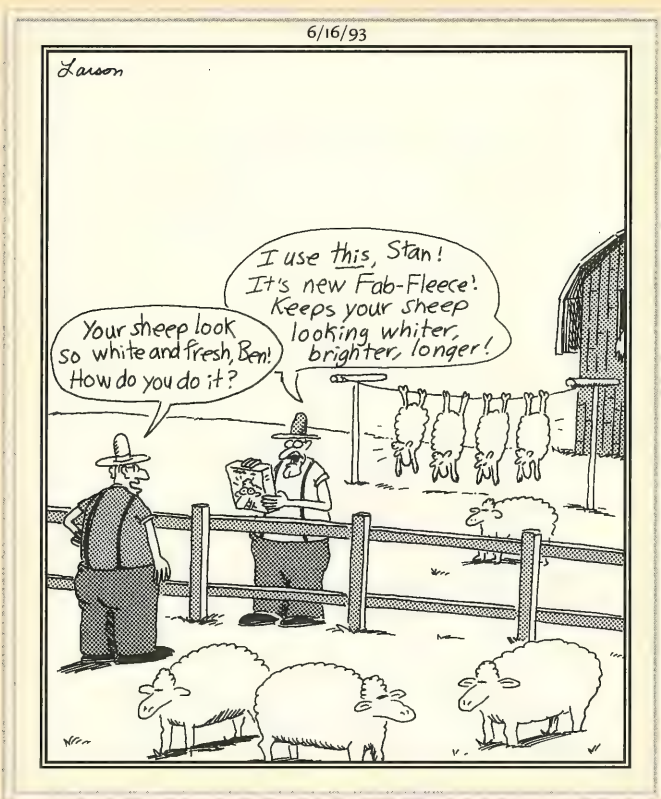
Boxer nightmares



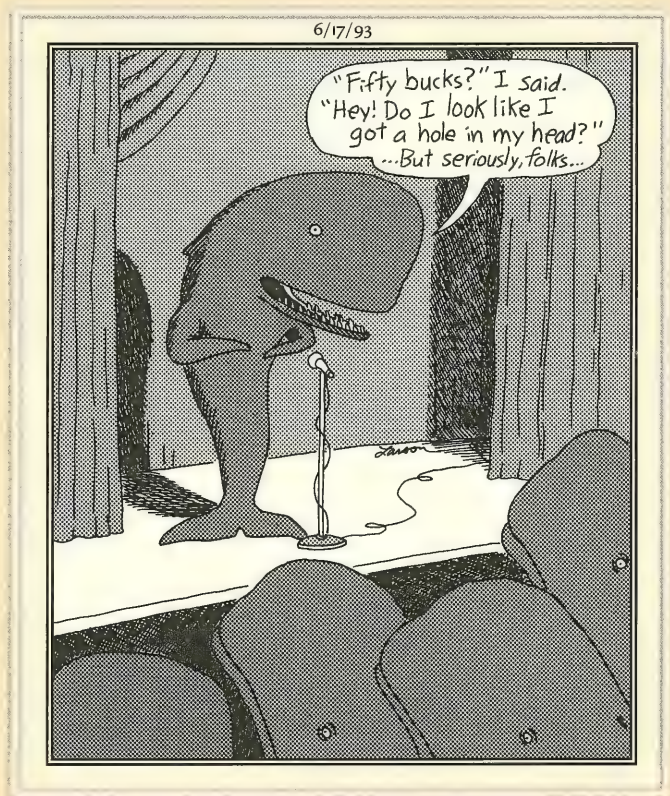
At the I've Fallen and I Can't Get Up Building

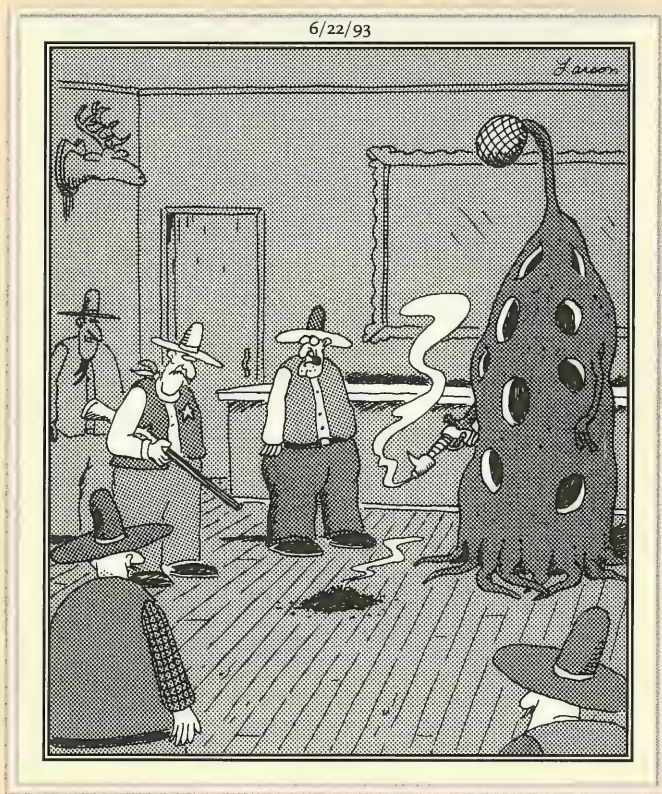


"Tell me, Margaret. ... Am I a butthead?"

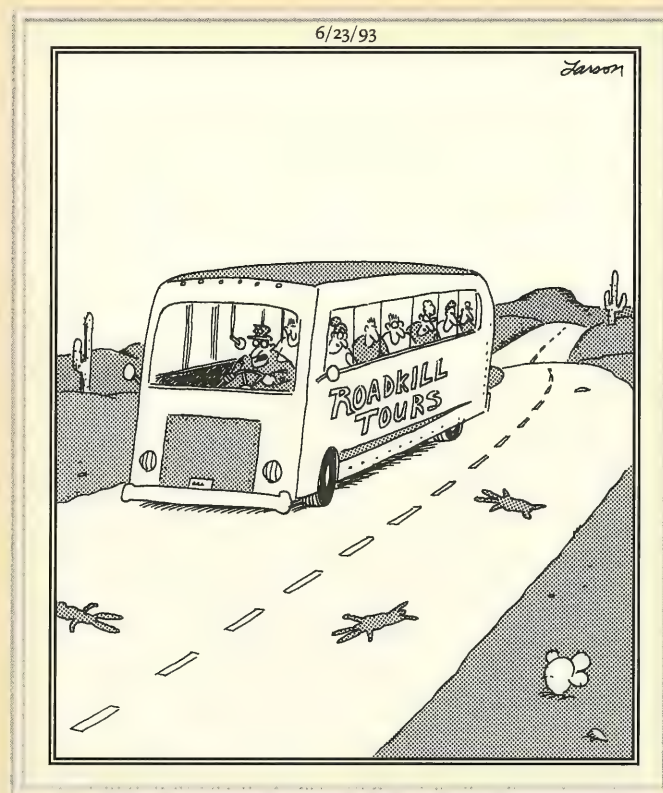


Now at your local feed store

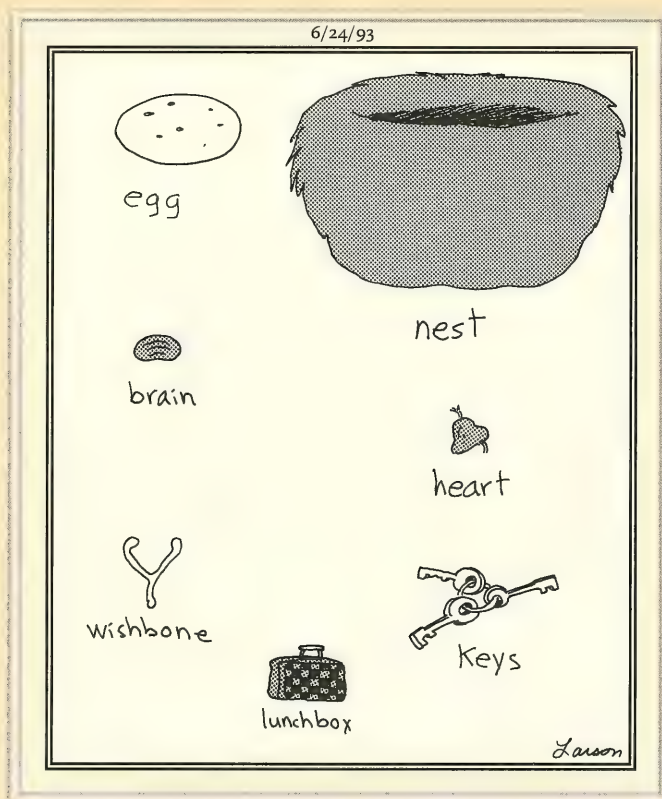




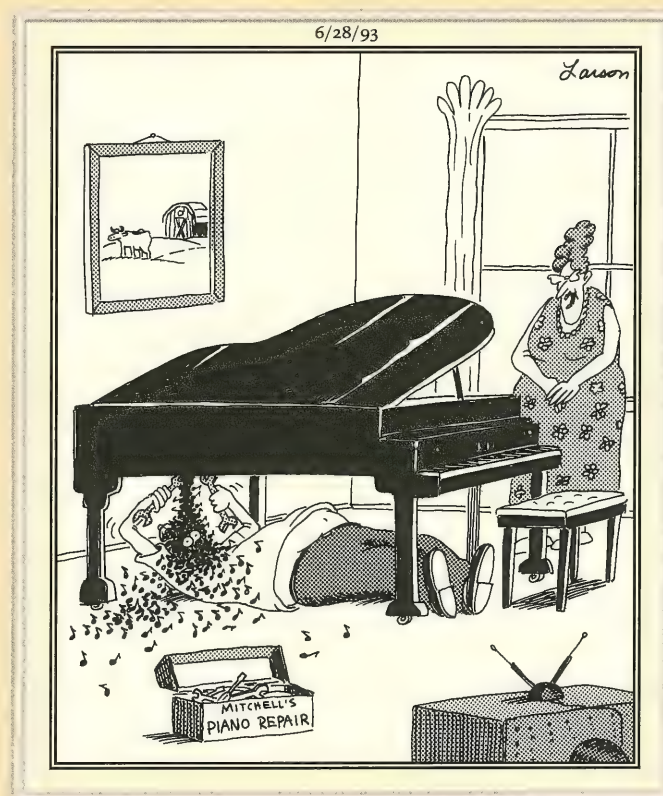
"Twarn't the alien's fault, sheriff. ... Ol' Jeb Halloway kept stickin' his head in one of the critter's orifices and yellin', 'Jimmie crack-corn! Jimmie crack-corn!'"



"As you can see, most of these things are jackrabbits, but keep your eyes peeled for armadillo as well. ... We're about five miles now from the dead steer."



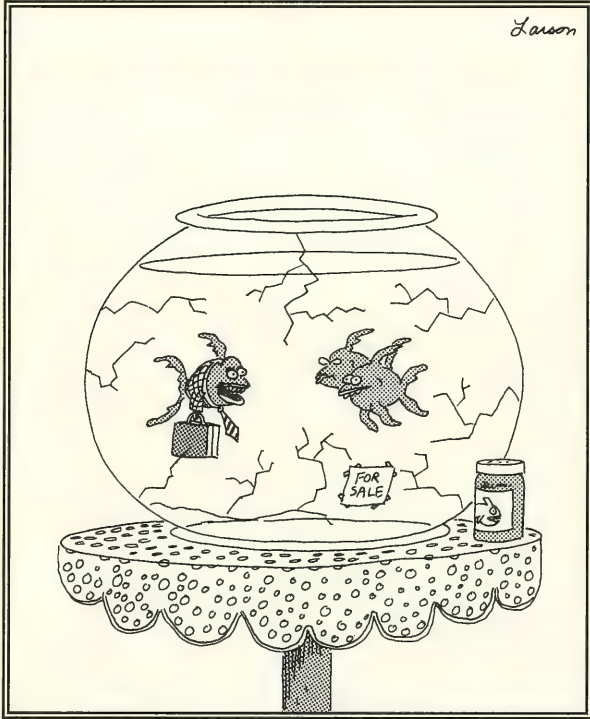
Structures, organs, and accessories (shown actual size) pertaining to *Mellisuga helenae*, the world's smallest hummingbird.



"Oh, this is so exciting! ... You know, no one's played that thing for years!"

6/30/93

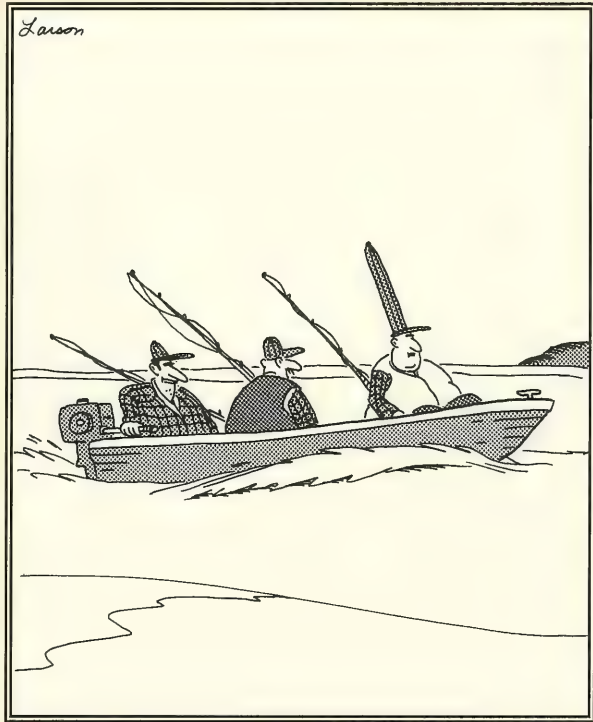
Larson



"Hey, you'll love it! All she needs is some gravel, a few plants, and maybe one of those miniature human skeletons."

6/29/93

Larson

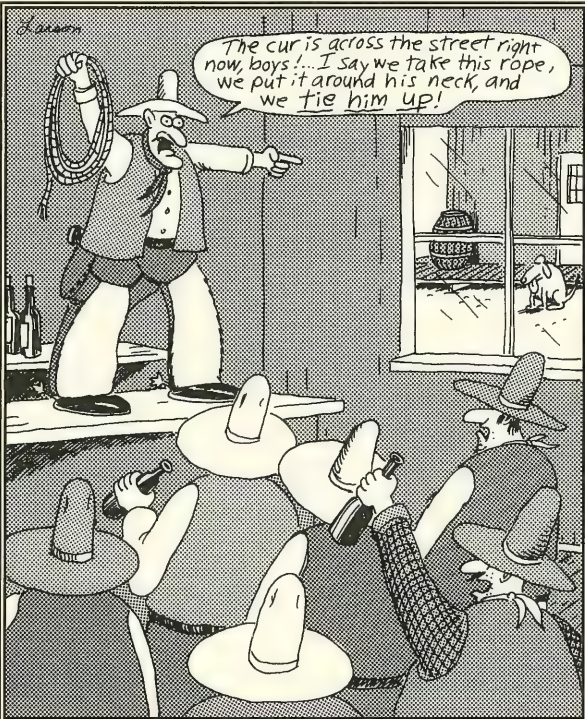


Vern, Chuck, and the pope go fishing.

July 1993

7/1/93

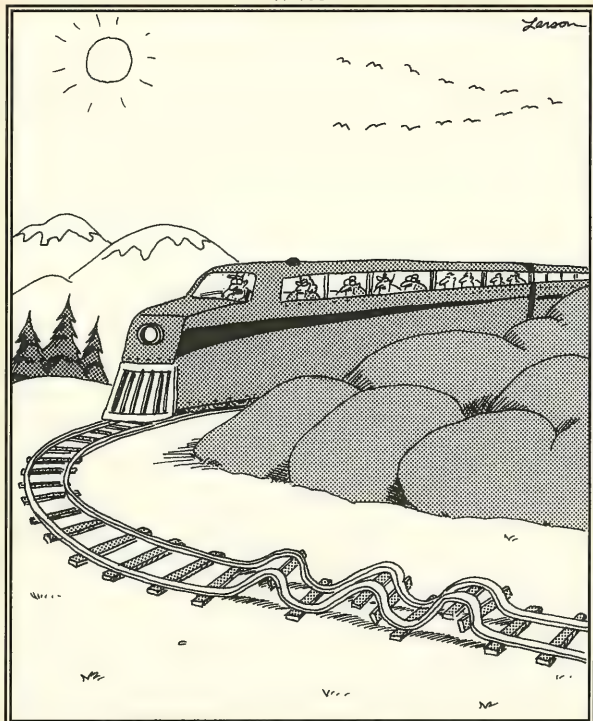
Larson



Once the men got liquored up, they'd often take the leash laws into their own hands.

7/2/93

Larson



"Hello, ladies and gentlemen, Engineer Matthews here. ... Better take your seats and put them drinks down, 'cause around this corner we always hit some pretty bad trackulence."

Editor's note: Gary leaves for a one-month vacation.

8/3/93



"Okay, kids, here we go. ... And I believe Danny's right, Randy—it's his turn to eat the queen."

8/2/93



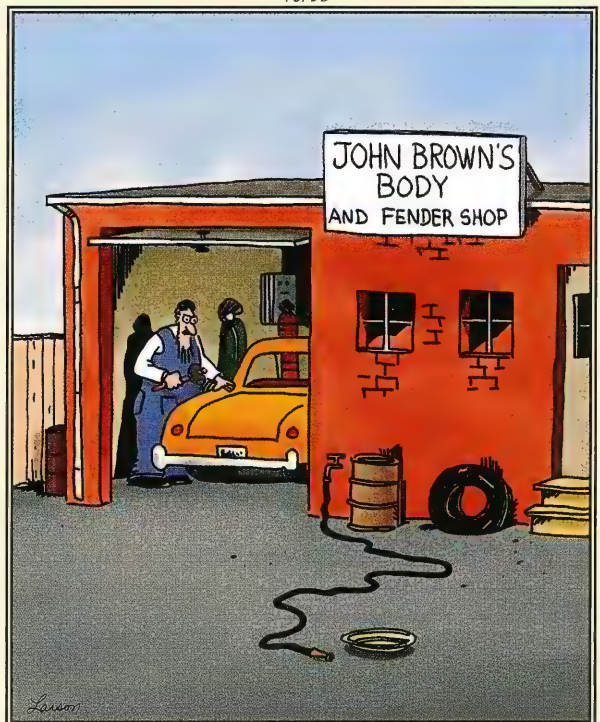
The first day at fly summer camp

8/4/93

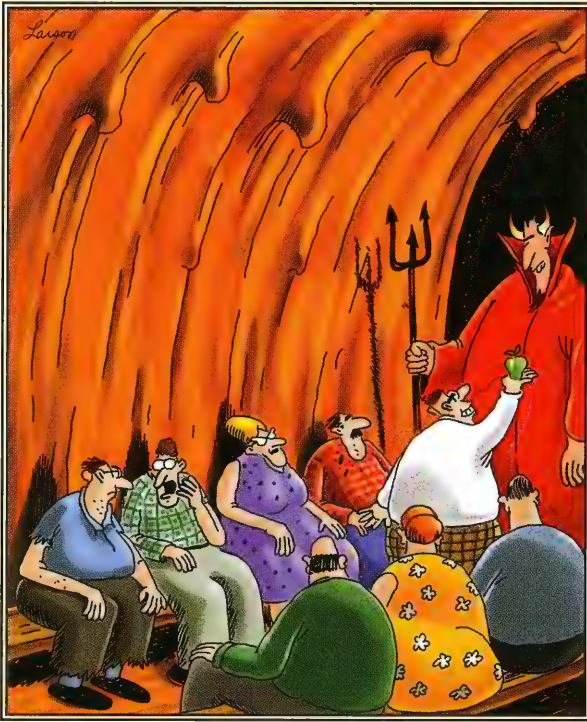


Incredibly, Morty had forgotten to bring a pocketbook.

8/5/93



8/6/93



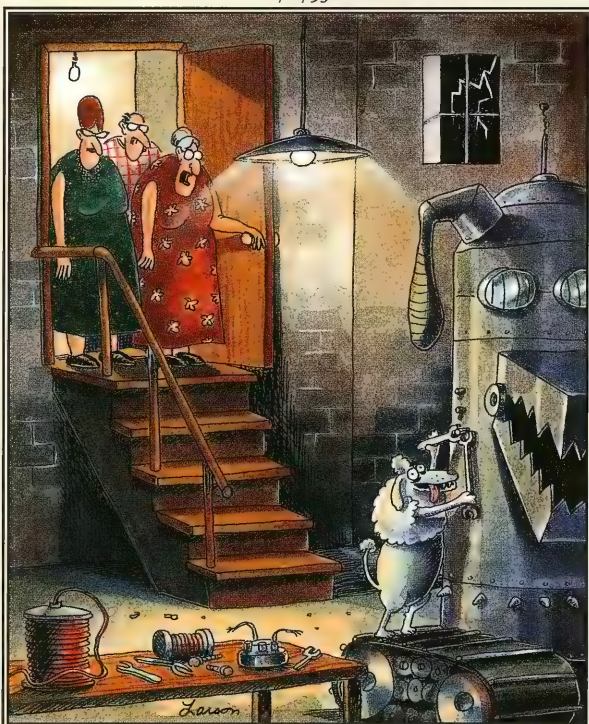
"There he goes again. ... Satan's pet."

8/12/93



Tales of the Early Bird

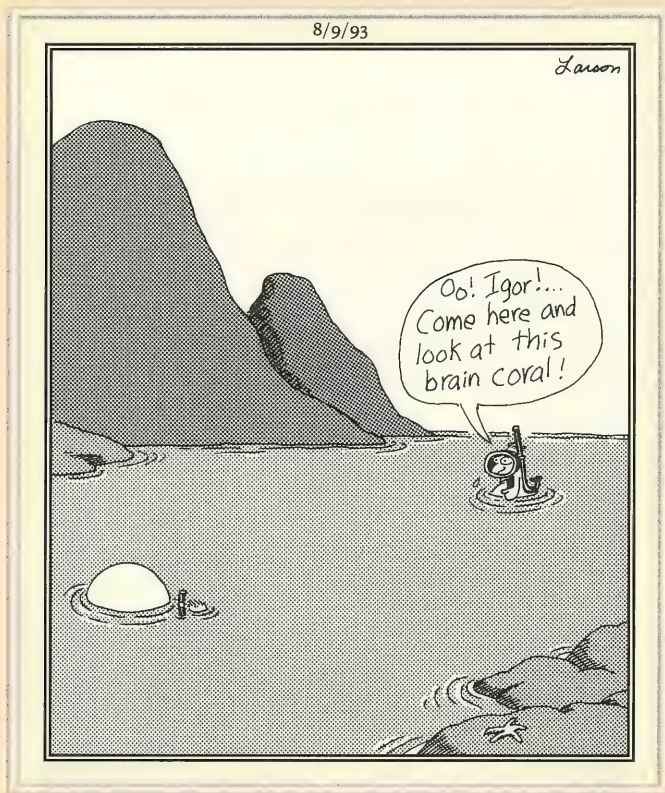
8/18/93



"And down here we keep Fluffy. ... We're afraid he may have gone mad."

8/19/93

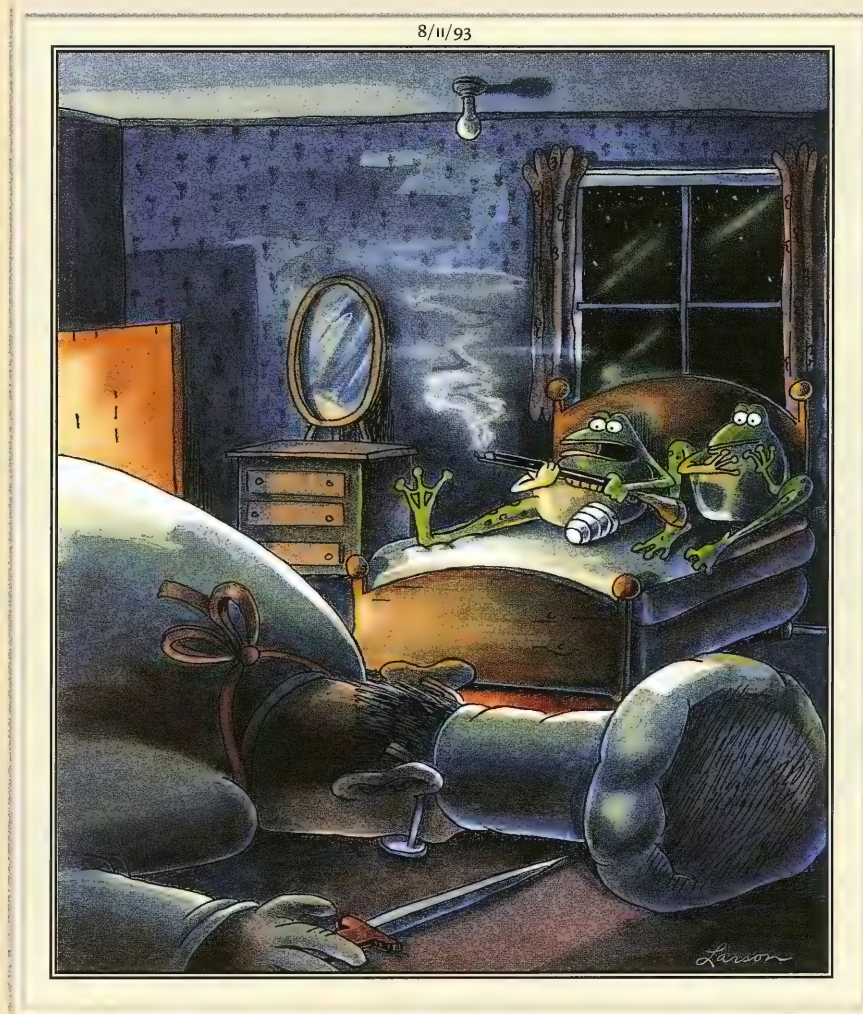




Dr. Frankenstein vacations in Hawaii.

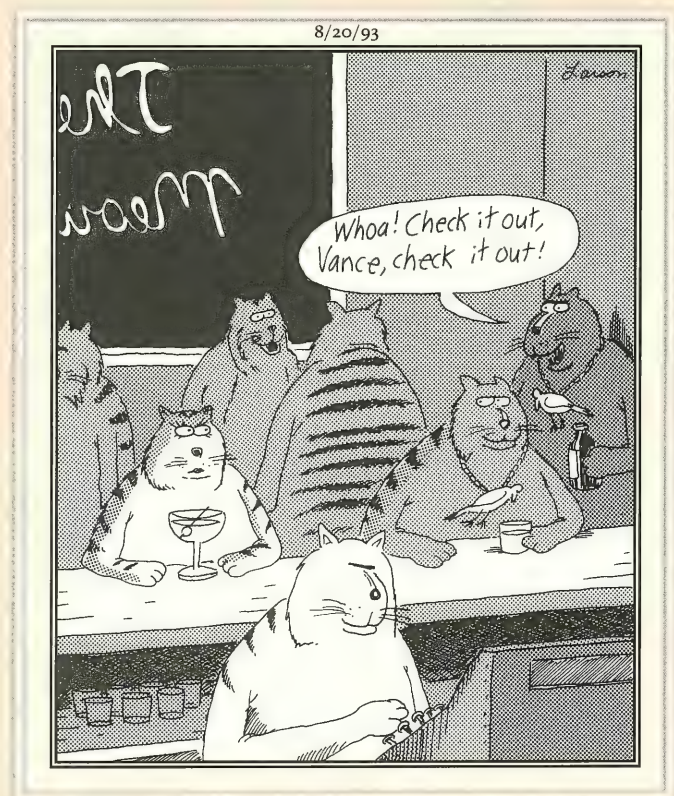


Before starting their day, squirrels must first pump themselves up.





"Whoa! ... Think I found the problem, buddy."



With one glance, Luanne sized up the two males in their goldfinch necklaces.

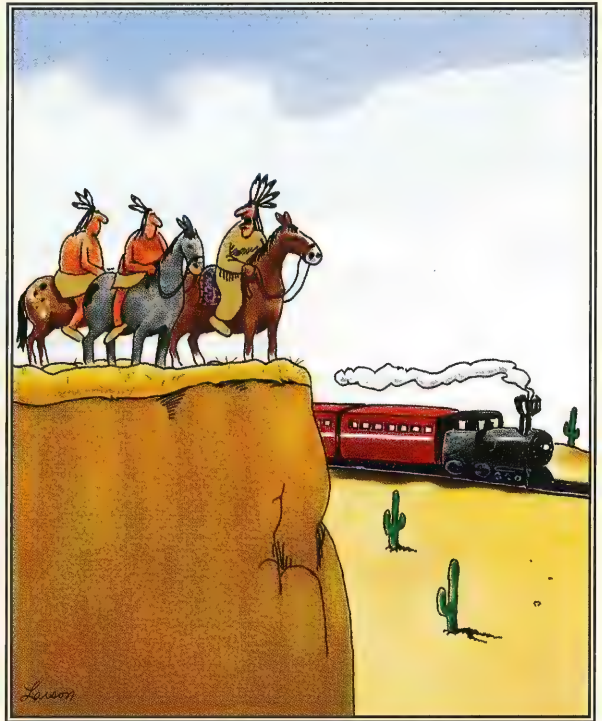
8/17/93

Larson



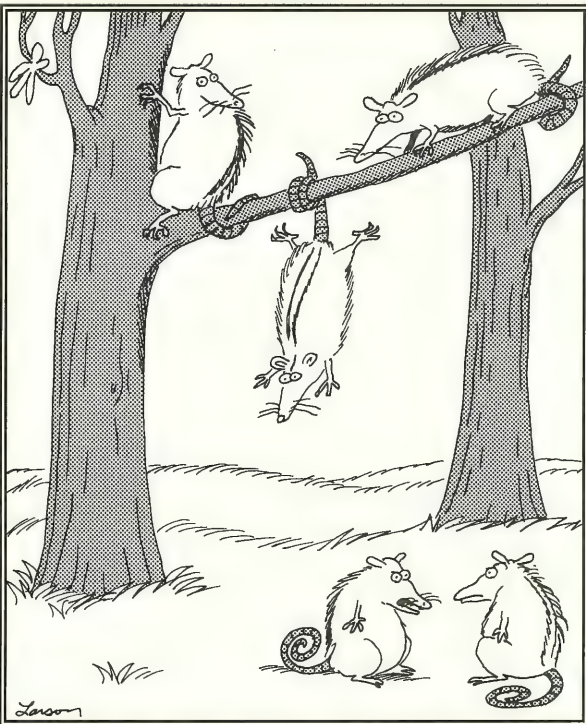
"Talk about rubbing it in! Not only did we arrive late, but they *deliberately* left his organ-donor card."

8/27/93



"Pardon me, boys—is that the Chattanooga Iron Horse?"

8/23/93



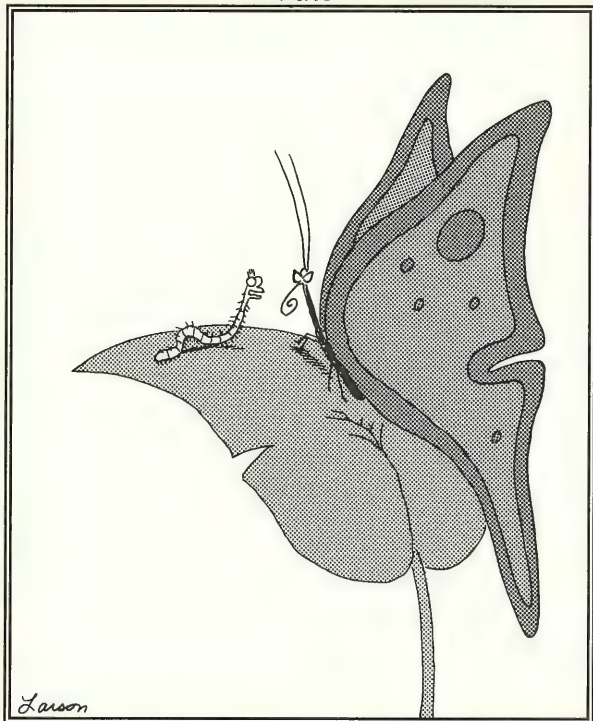
"My dad can act deader than your dad."

8/26/93



"You're a right-brained sort of person, Mr. Sommersby—very creative, artistic, etc. ... Unfortunately, I think I also see why you're having trouble figuring out your gas mileage."

8/25/93



"How could you think that? ... I've *always* been attracted by your personality."

8/31/93



"Excuse me, but may I assume you're not Dr. Livingstone?"

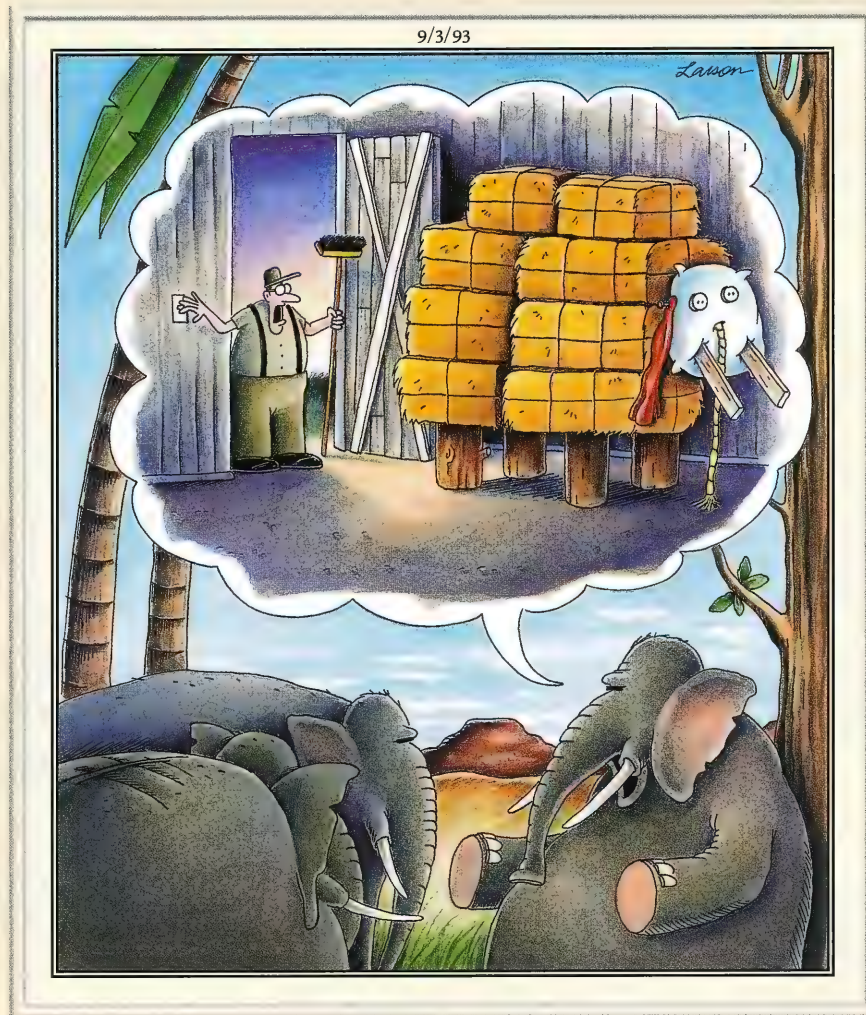
8/24/93



8/30/93



Ironically, Barnum's and Bailey's respective kids—Sid and Marty—both ran away one night to join corporate America.



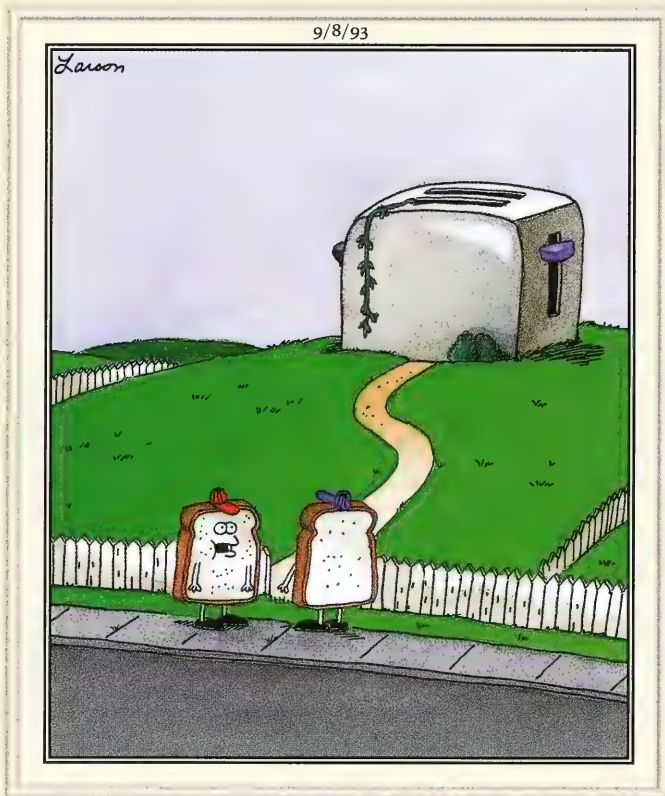
Back home in his native India, Toomba tells and retells the story of his daring escape from the Cleveland Zoo.



Prairie dog developers



"Time out, please! ... Eyelash!"



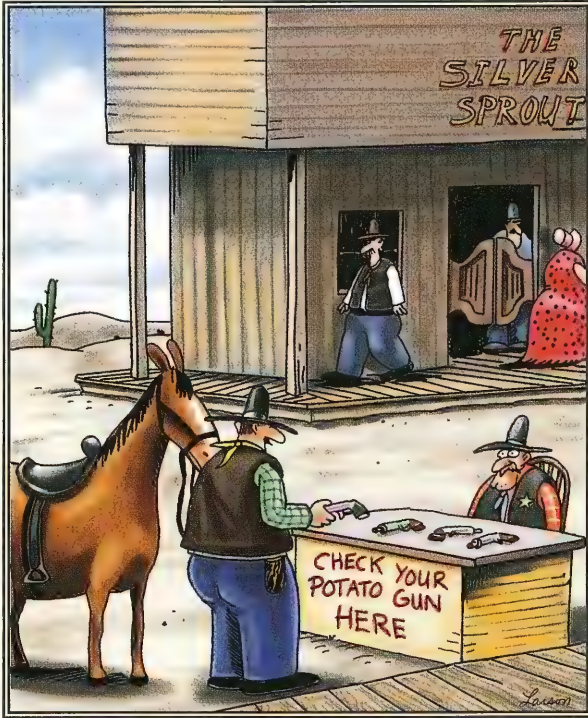
"I dunno, Andy. ... Mom said we were never to go near the old Sutter place."



At the Insurance Agents Wax Museum



9/10/93



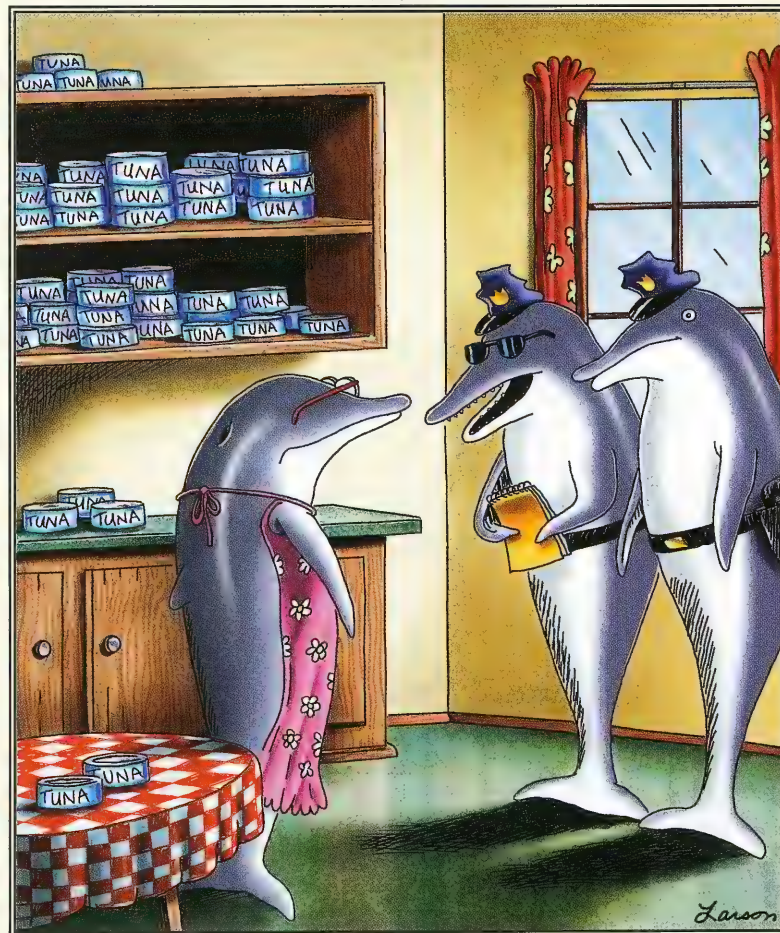
Vegetarian towns of the Old West

9/16/93



Once again, Vernon has a good shirt ruined by a cheap pocket octopus.

9/14/93



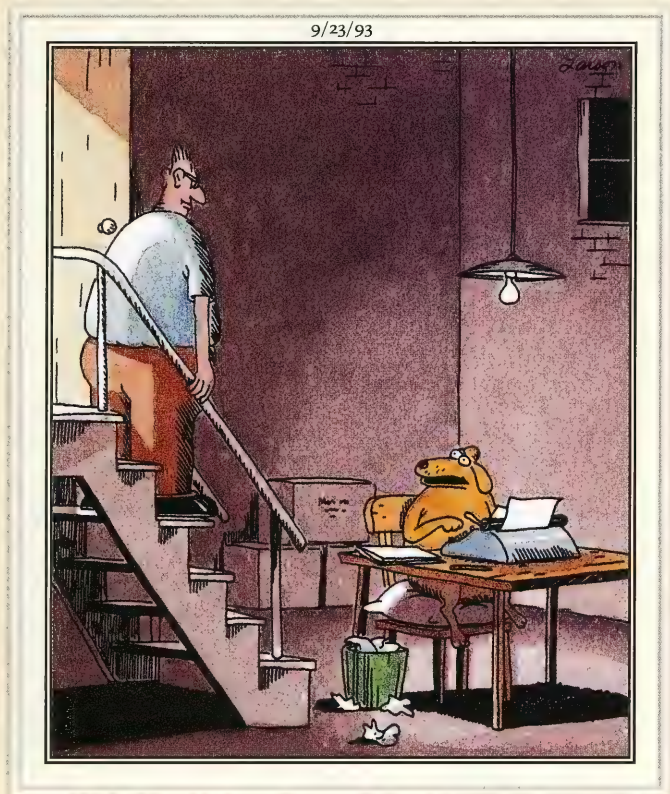
"Sorry, ma'am, but your neighbors have reported not seeing your husband in weeks. We just have a few questions, and then you can get back to your canning."



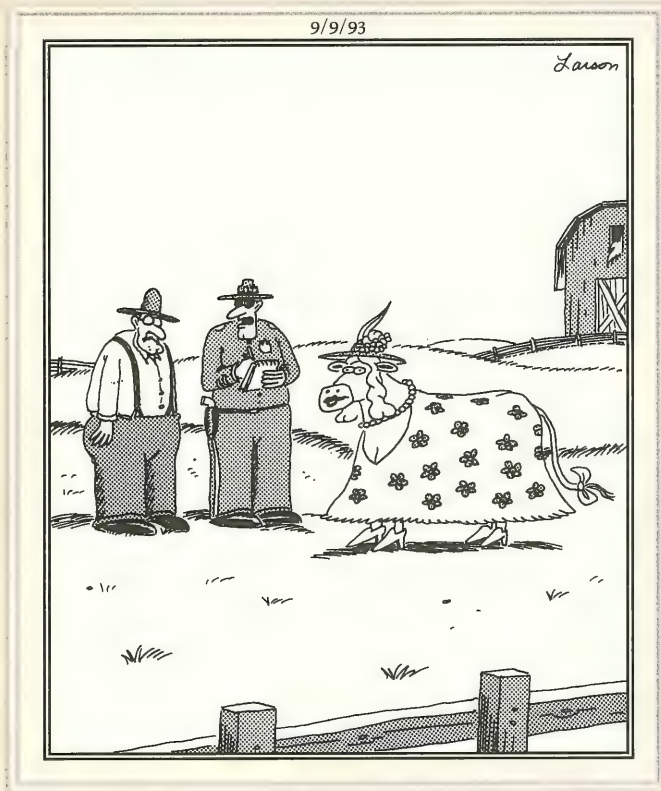
Misunderstanding his dying father's advice, Arnie spent several years protecting the family mules.



After being frozen in ice for 10,000 years, Thag promotes his autobiography.



"I wouldn't laugh, Jack. ... I know things about you."



"You were hit last night by some kind of cult, Mr. Gilbert. ... Not the sickest cult I've ever seen, but a cult nonetheless."



Scene from *The Crying Game II: The Rural Version*



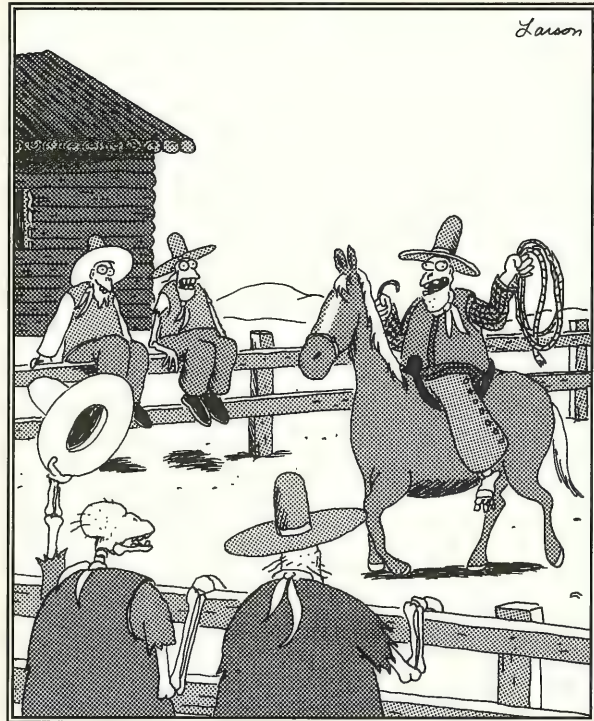
At the Vatican's movie theater

9/17/93



"Now, you can't really hurt each other with those things, so next time you bicker, just go ahead and vent your anger—you'll both feel better."

9/20/93



Vacationing from their jobs of terrorizing young teenagers, zombies will often relax at a Western dead ranch.

9/29/93



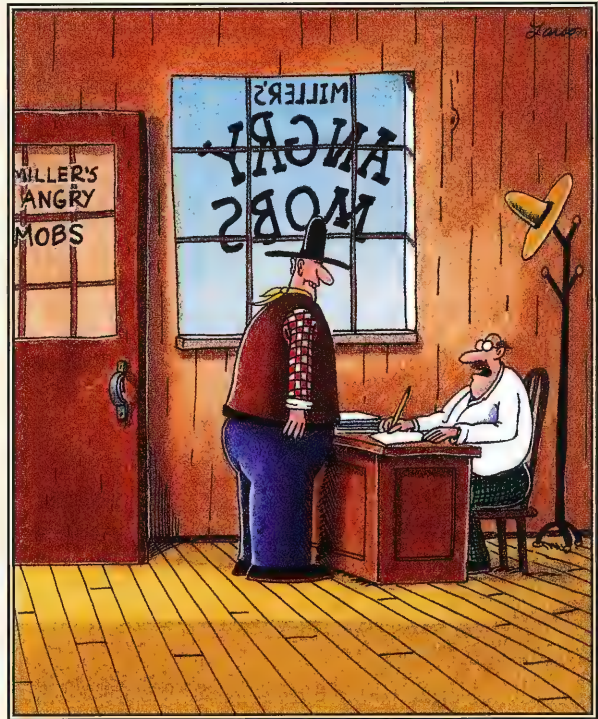
Primitive theme parks

9/30/93



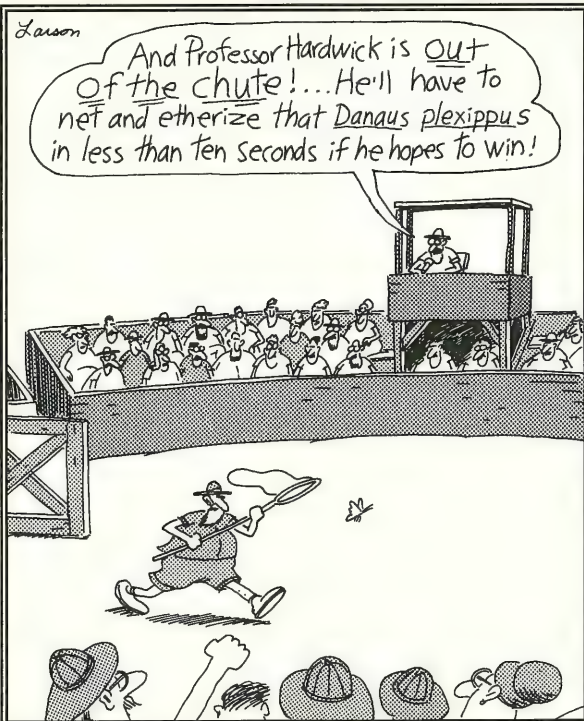
"Hey. Quit complaining. ... We *all* live out in the sticks."

9/28/93



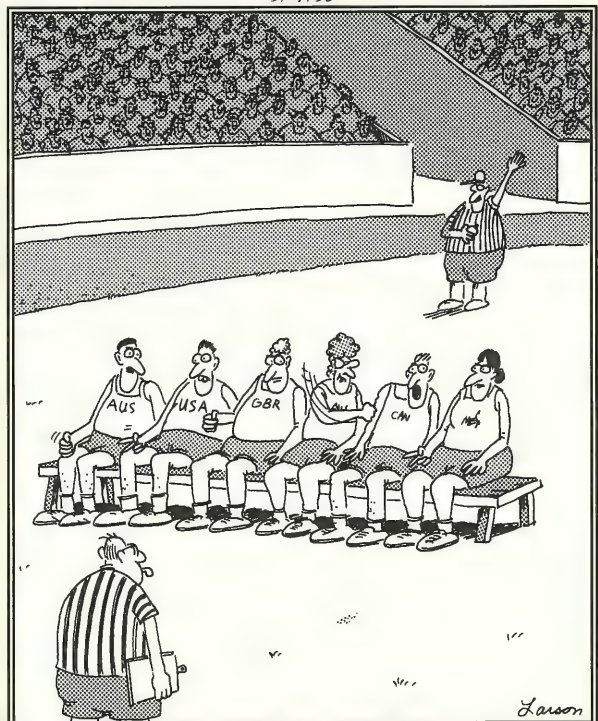
"Okay, Bill. Tuesday night, 8 o'clock, over at the sheriff's office where they're holdin' your brother's killer. ... You want that with extra hollerin'?"

9/24/93



Entomological rodeos

9/27/93



Tension mounts in the final heat of the paper-rock-scissors event.

10/5/93



"Okay, Professor Big Mouth, we've all chipped in—here's the hundred bucks! ... But remember, you gotta kiss her on the lips!"

10/7/93



"Listen, Noreen—you wanna be the photographer next time, be my guest."

10/6/93

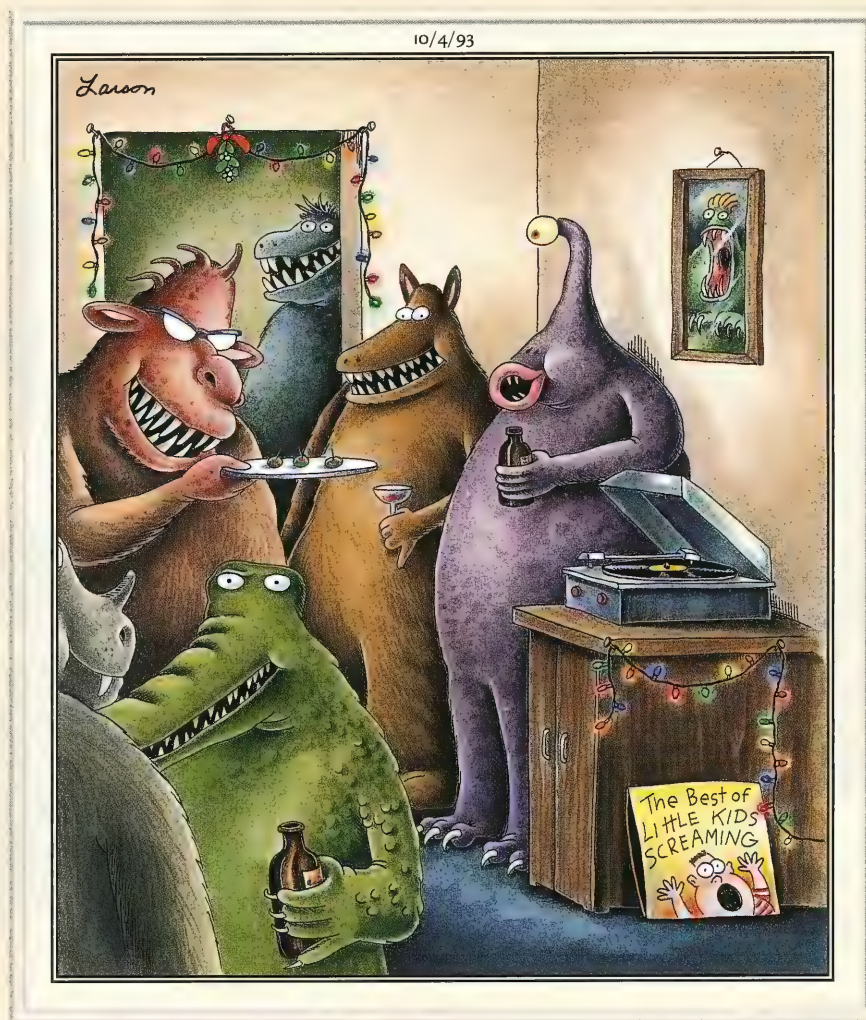


Classic conversation stoppers

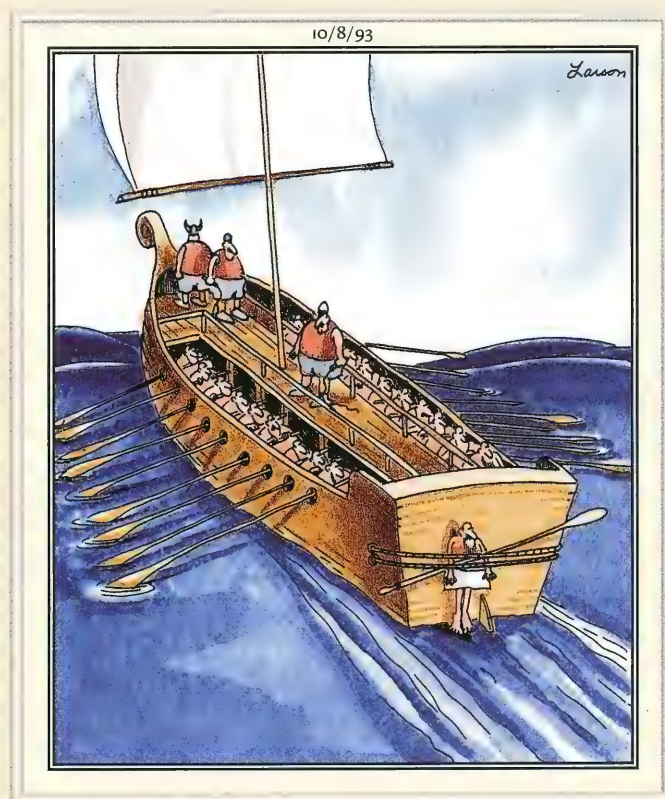
10/1/93



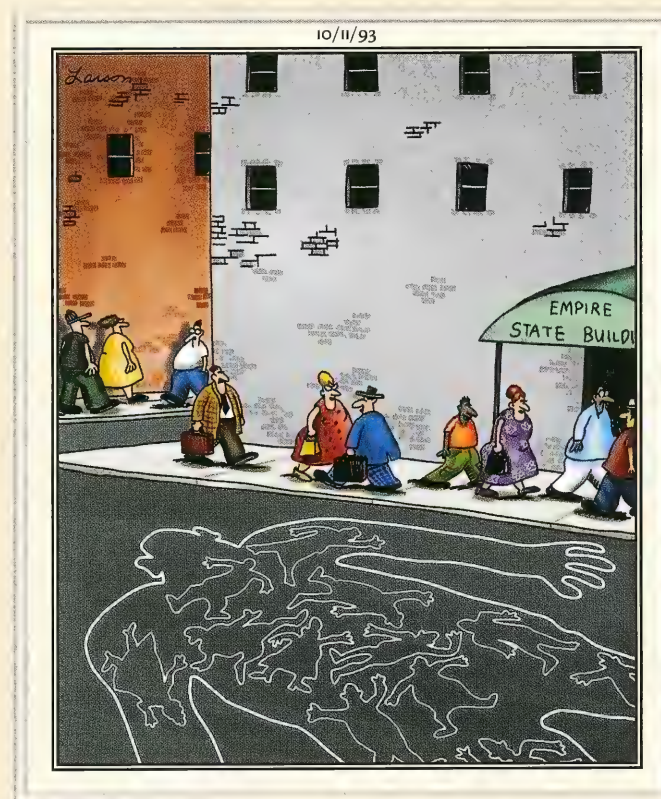
"It's Jim Wilkins, Dave. Same as the others. Trussed up like a Christmas present with his hunting license stuffed in his mouth. ... I want this bear, Dave. I want him bad."



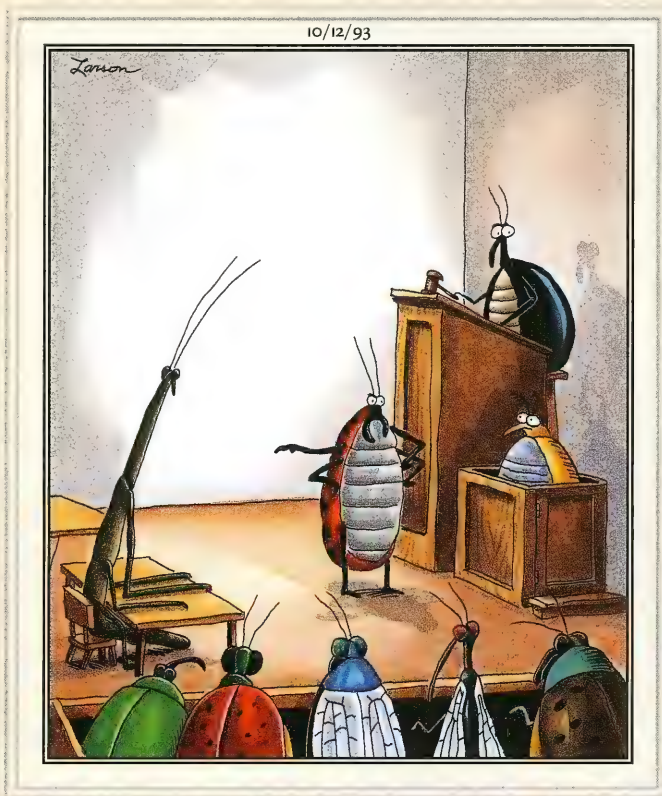
Later, when one of the monsters cranked up the volume, the party really got going.



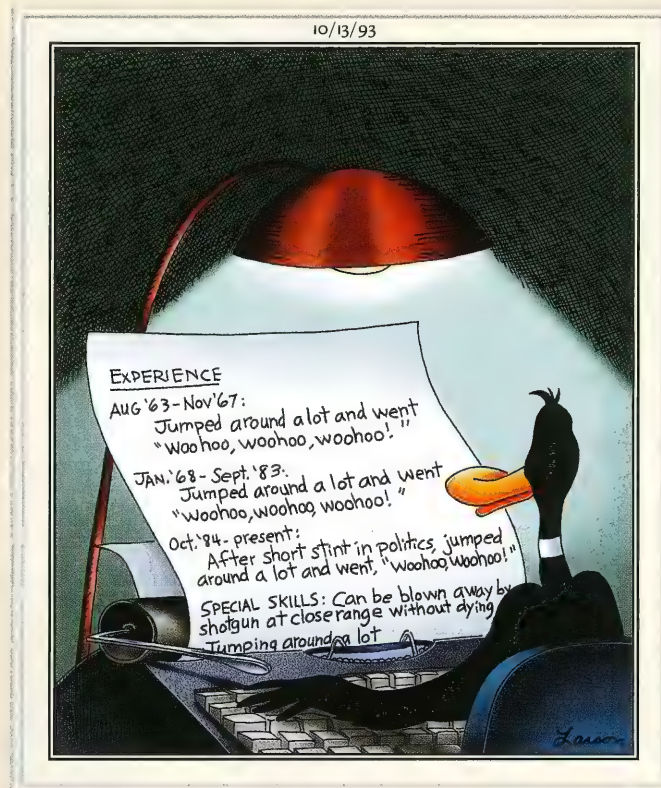
The better-equipped slave ships, of course, always carried a spare.



A few days following the King Kong "incident," New Yorkers return to business as usual.



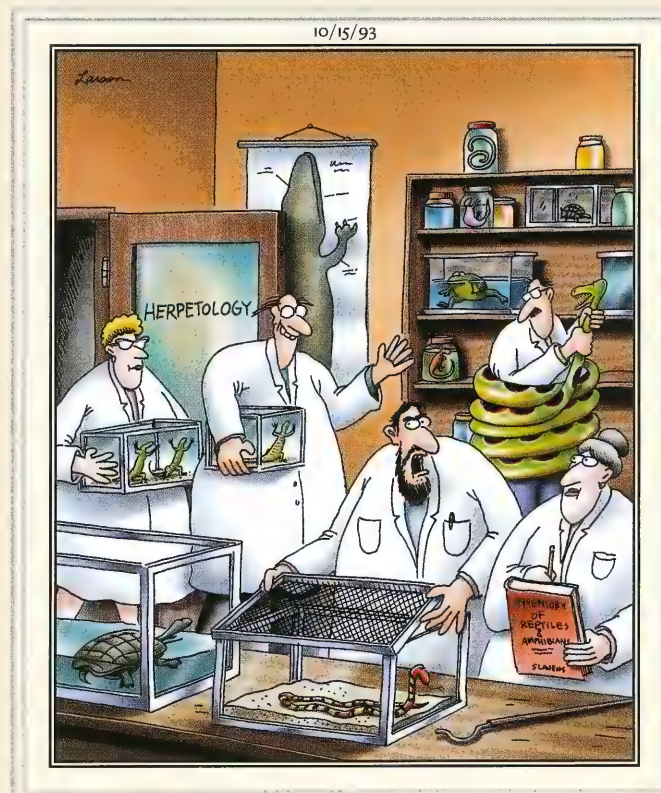
"Most interesting, ma'am—you've identified the defendant as the one you saw running from the scene. I take it, then, that you're unaware that my client is a walking stick?"



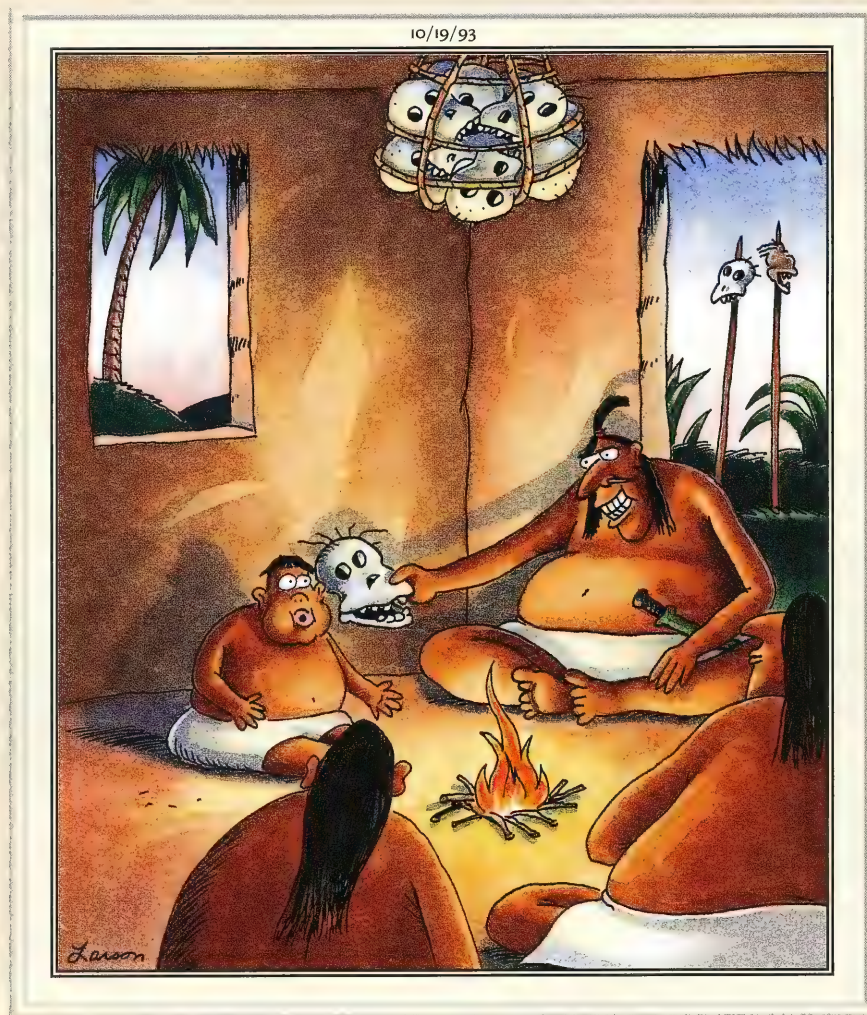
Daffy's résumé



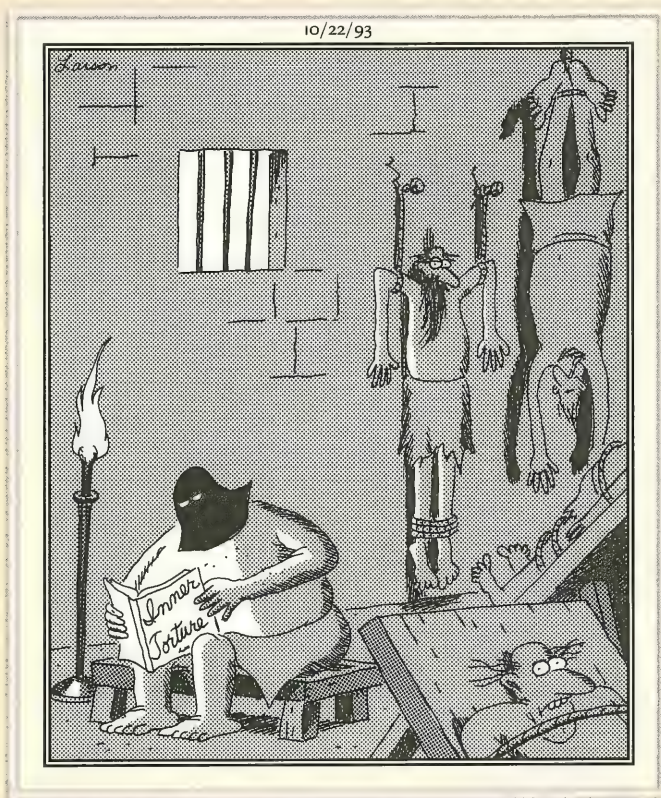
Eskimo rescue units

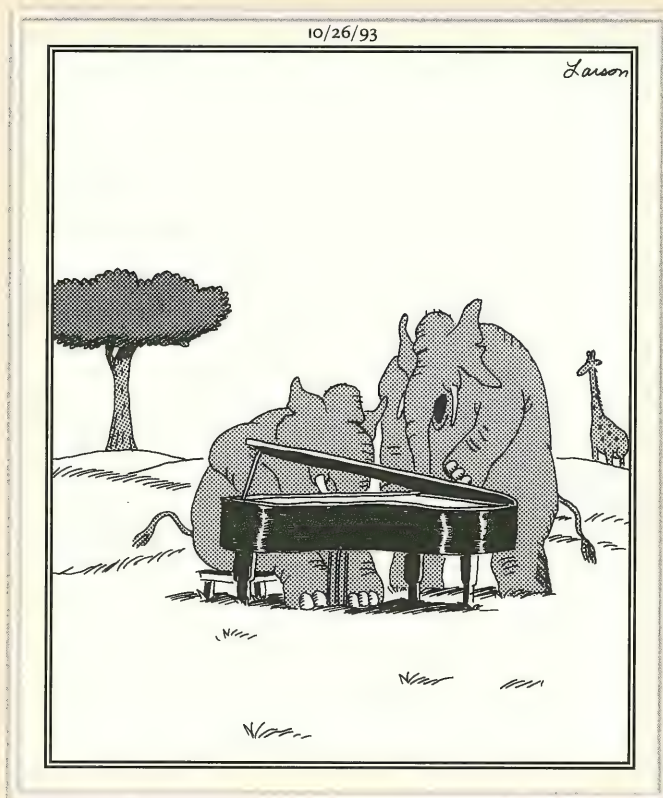
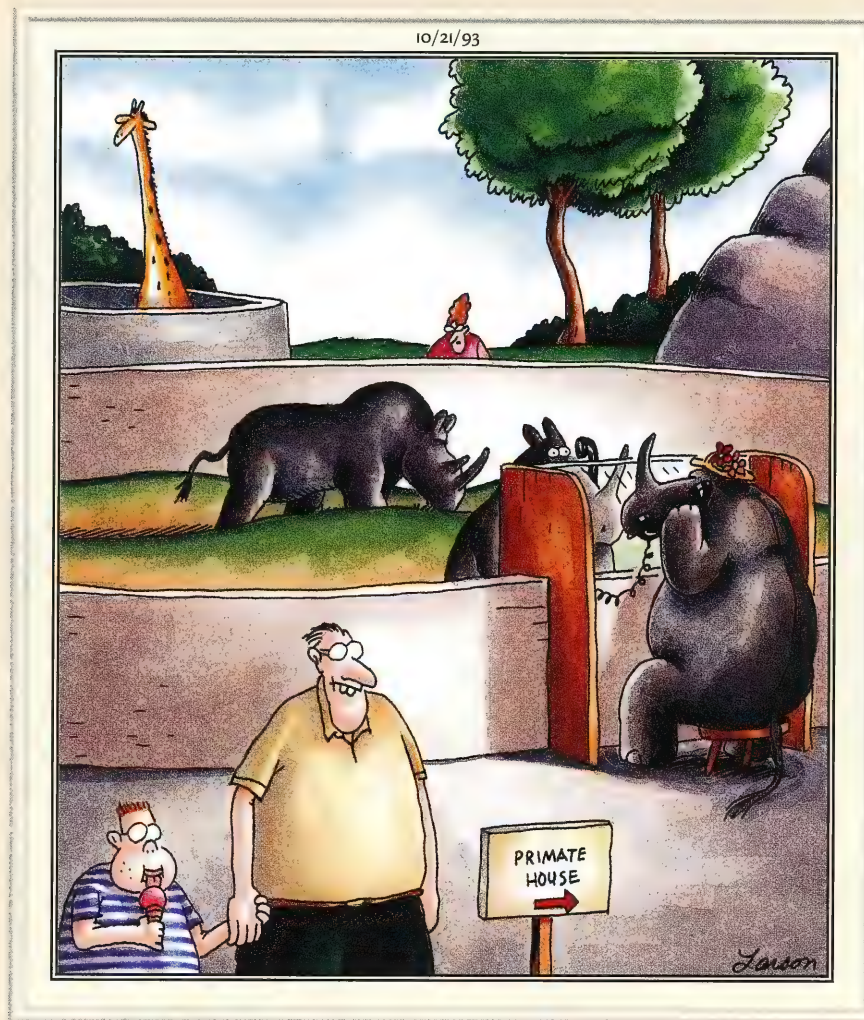


"Oh, God! It's that creepy Ted Sheldon and Louise Dickerson. ... They're skinkheads, you know."



The whole family always enjoyed the way Uncle Numanga could reach over and “find” a skull in little Jerog’s ear.





"Smash your left hand down about right here three times, then twice up in this area, then three times right about here. ... That's 'Louie Louie.'"



Some anthropologists believe that the discoveries of fire, shelter, and language were almost simultaneous.

10/18/93

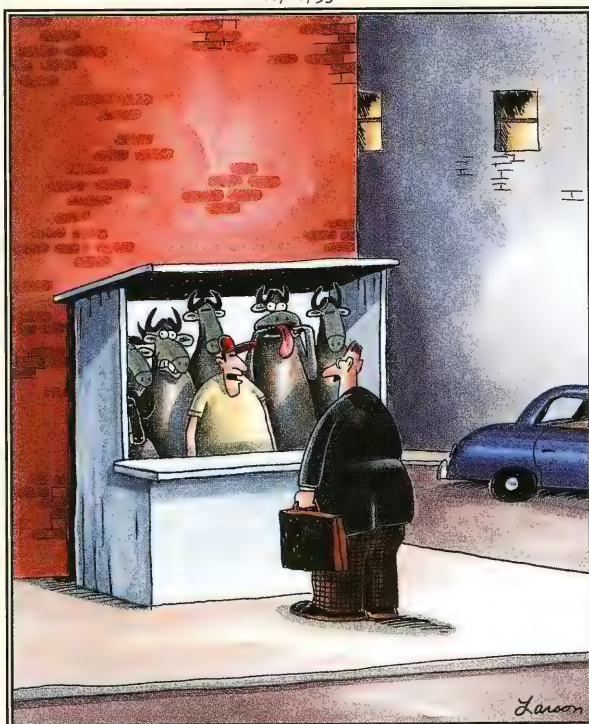


10/20/93



"Could you come back later? He's catching a few Y's right now."

10/28/93

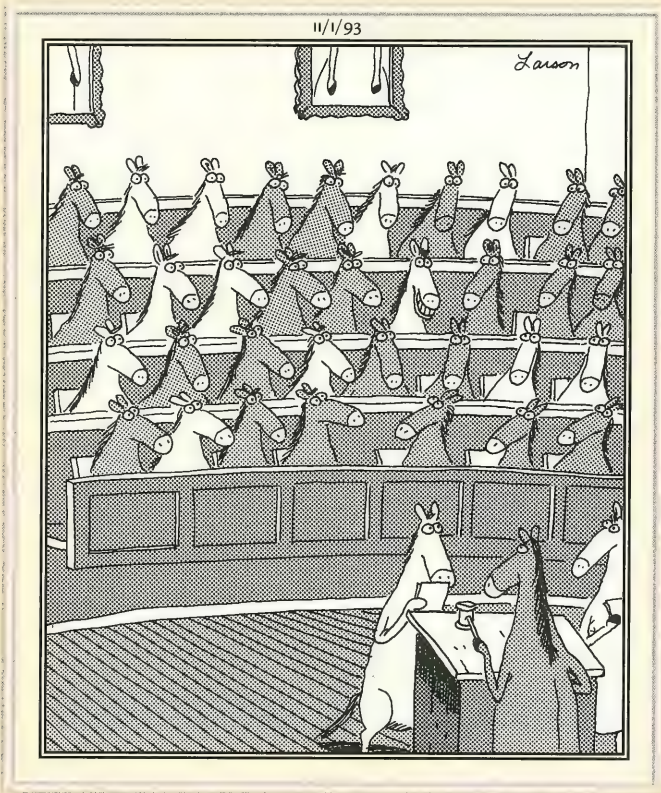


"Well, I've got good gnus and I've got bad gnus."

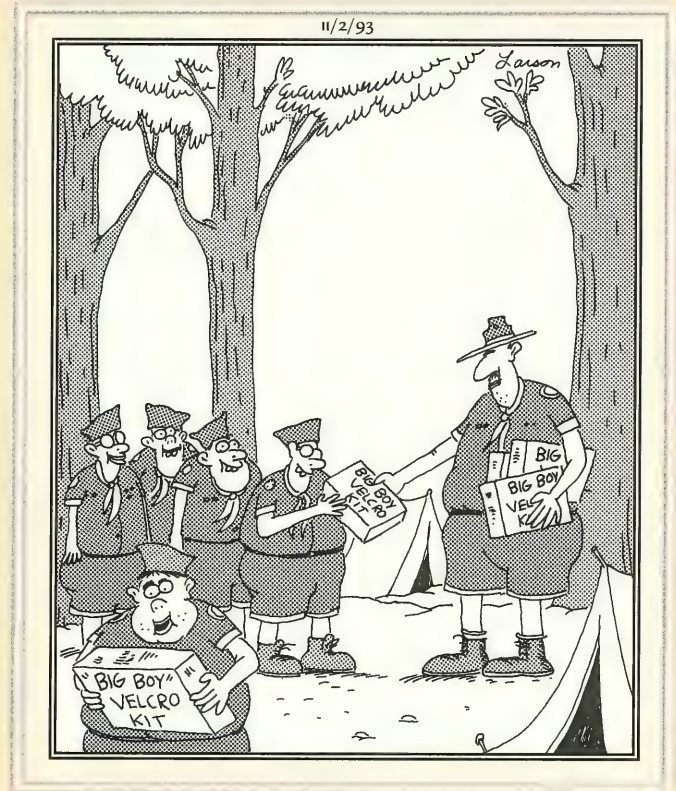
10/29/93



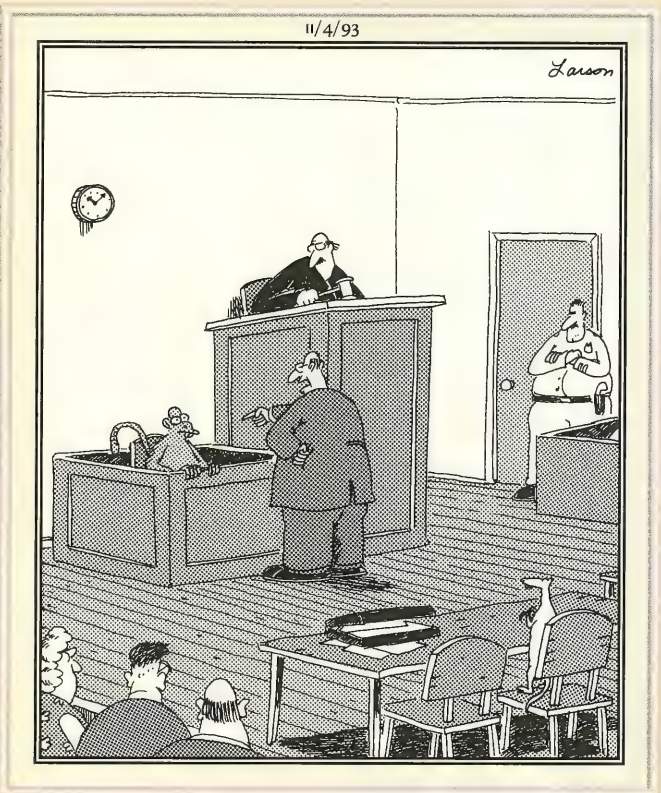
Scotty in hell



The entire parliament fell dead silent. For the first time since anyone could remember, one of the members voted "aye."



Fortunately, even the Boy Scouts who fail knot-tying get to go camping.

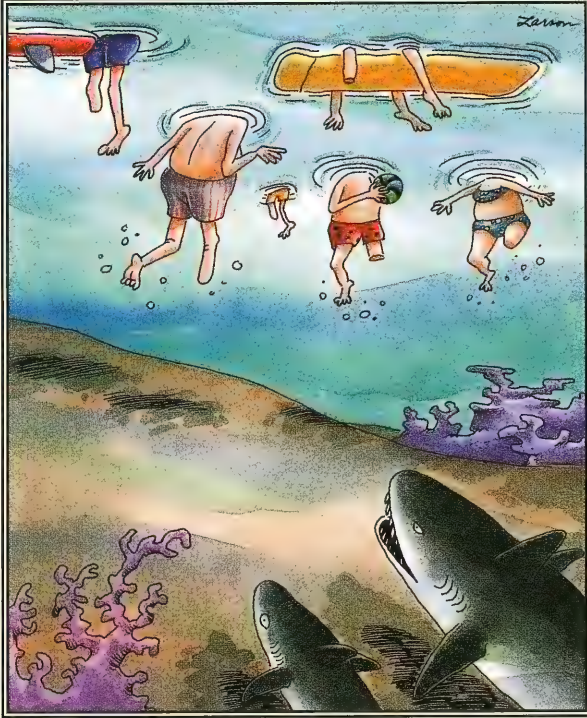


"Well, sir, my client says *he* wasn't having any fun, and that *you* just kept chasing him and chasing him around this mulberry bush, and that's when—out of self-defense—he decided to pop you one."



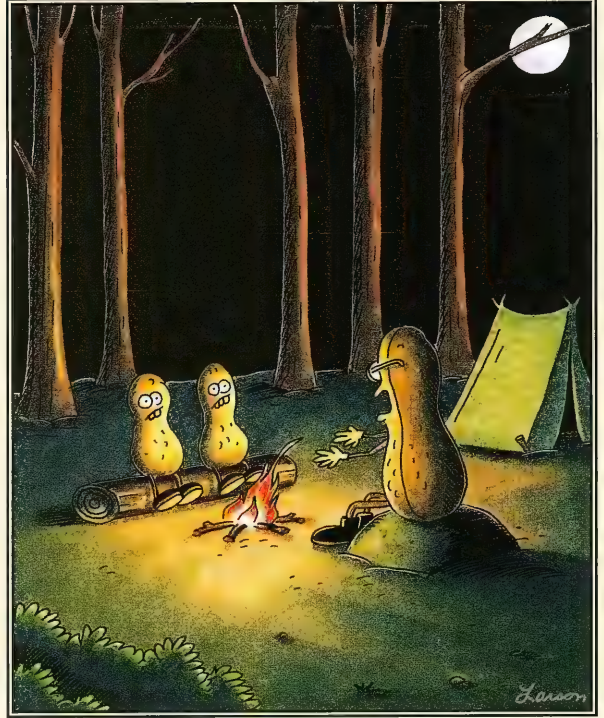
It had started off as a pleasant evening, but, as the Caldwells were soon to discover, it was a mistake to try and trump the old gypsy woman.

11/10/93



"This is it, son—my old chomping grounds. ...
Gosh, the memories."

11/15/93



"And then one of the little kids shined his
flashlight into the corner of the basement, and
there they saw these strange jars. ... Some said
'creamy,' some said 'crunchy.'..."

11/3/93



Summoned by the gonging, Professor Crutchfeld
stepped into the clearing. The little caterpillars had
done well this time in their offering.



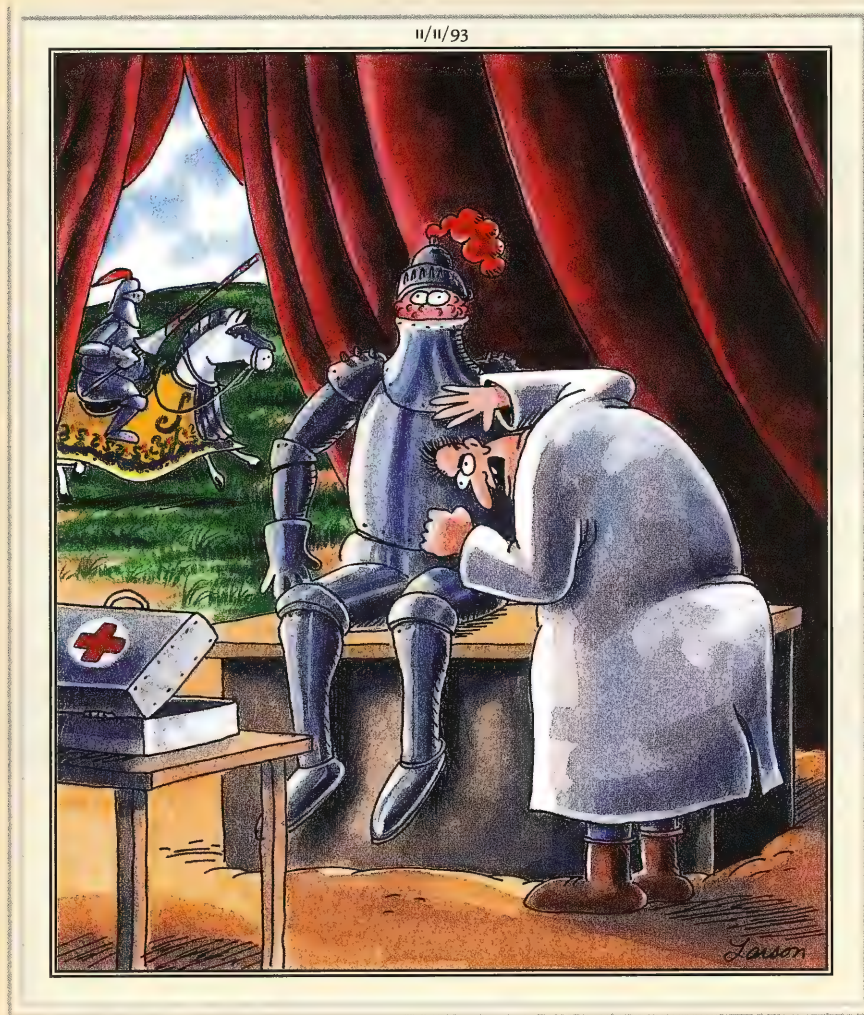
At Electric Chair Operators Night School



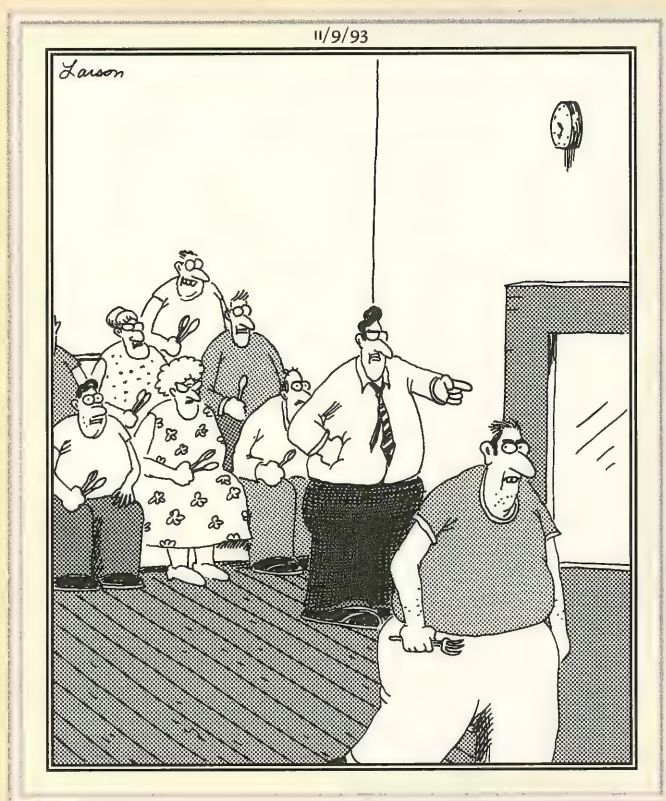
At the Federal Mole Penitentiary



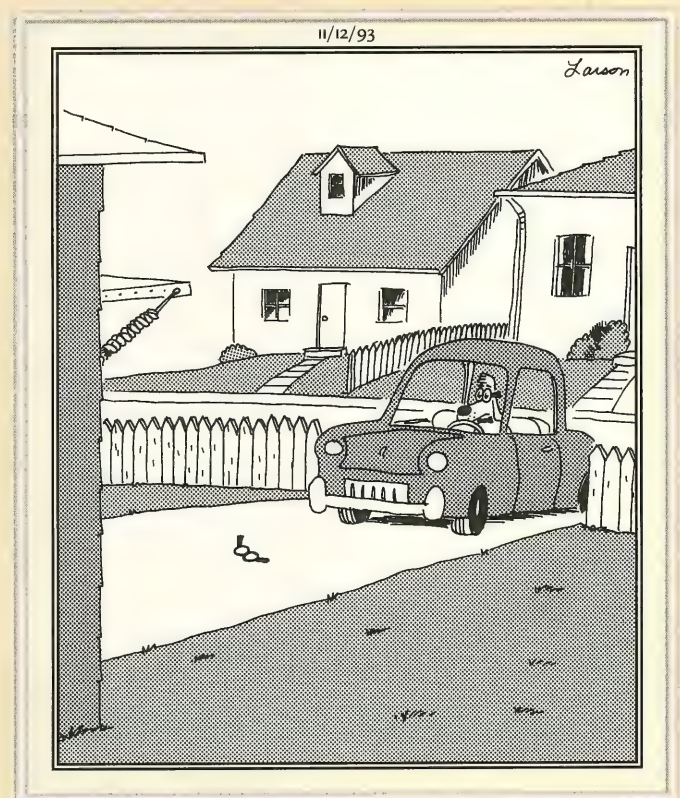
"Oh, man! The coffee's *cold*! They thought of *everything*!"



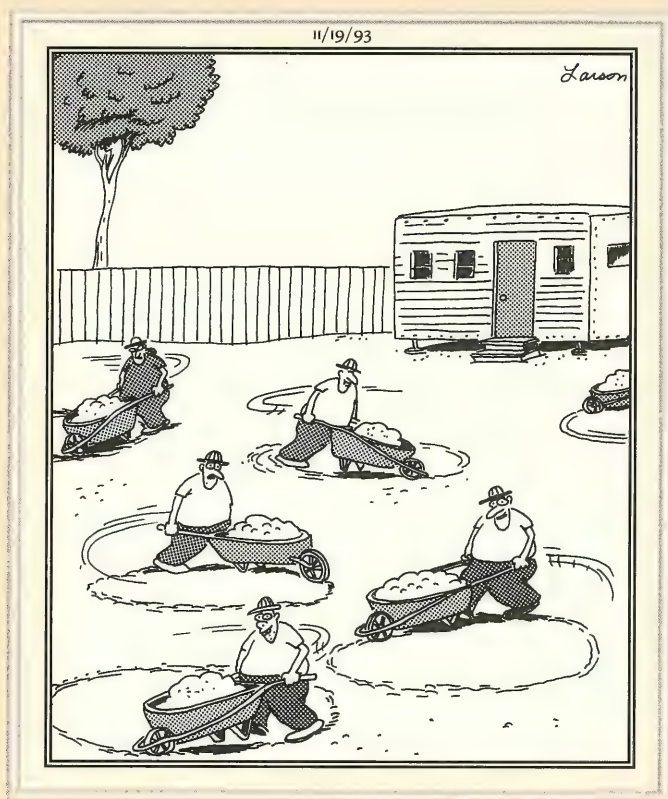
"Ooo! You're right, Sir Dwayne! If I knock right here, I can make him start buzzing. ... Ooo, and he's *angry*!"



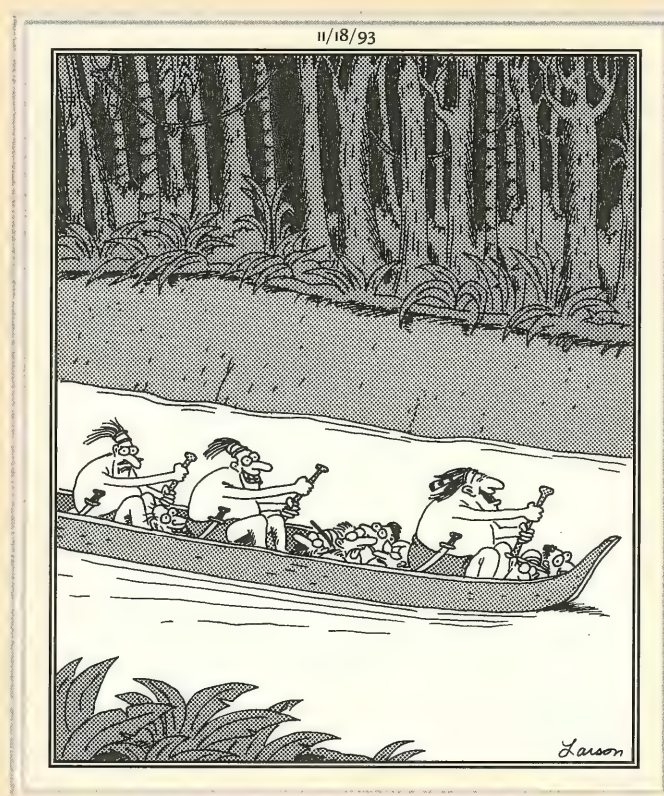
Douglas is ejected from the spoon band.



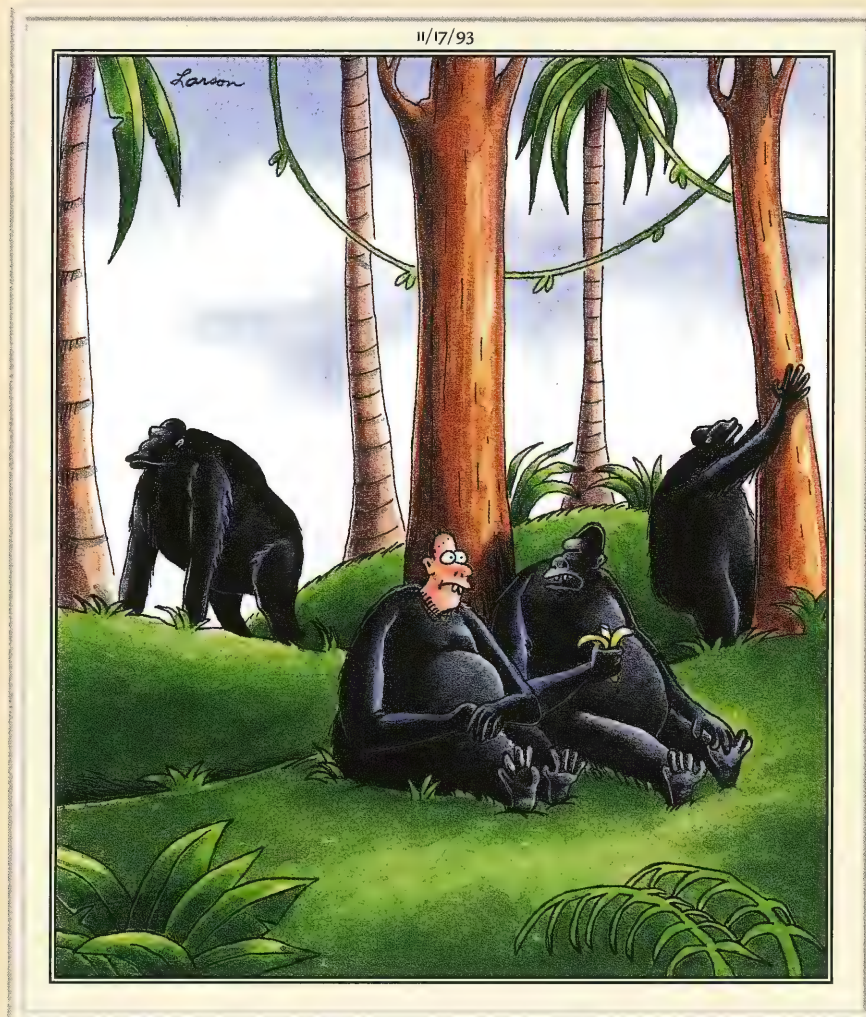
Backing out of the driveway, Mr. Peabody suddenly brought his car to a stop. He had already heard a peculiar "thump," and now these crushed but familiar-looking glasses further intrigued him.



New Age construction workers



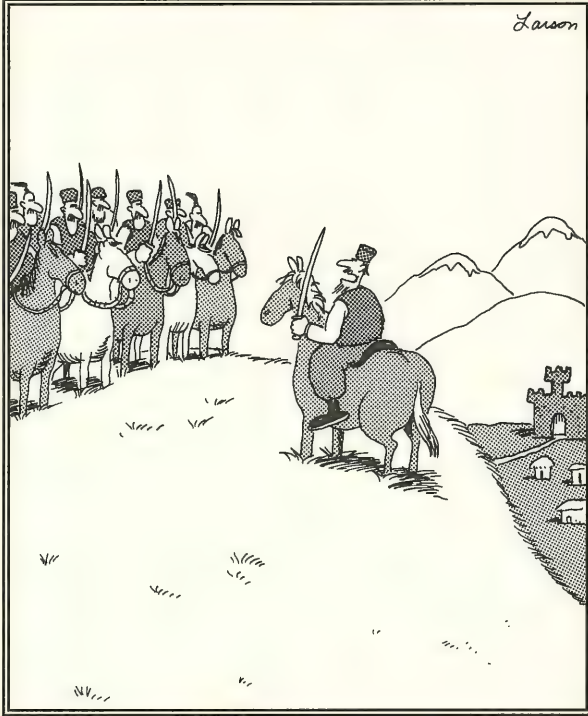
It had been a wonderfully successful day, and the dugout was filled with the sound of laughter and the fruits of their hunting skills. Only Kimbu wore a scowl, returning home with just a single knucklehead.



“Look. If you’re so self-conscious about it, get yourself a gorilla mask.”

11/23/93

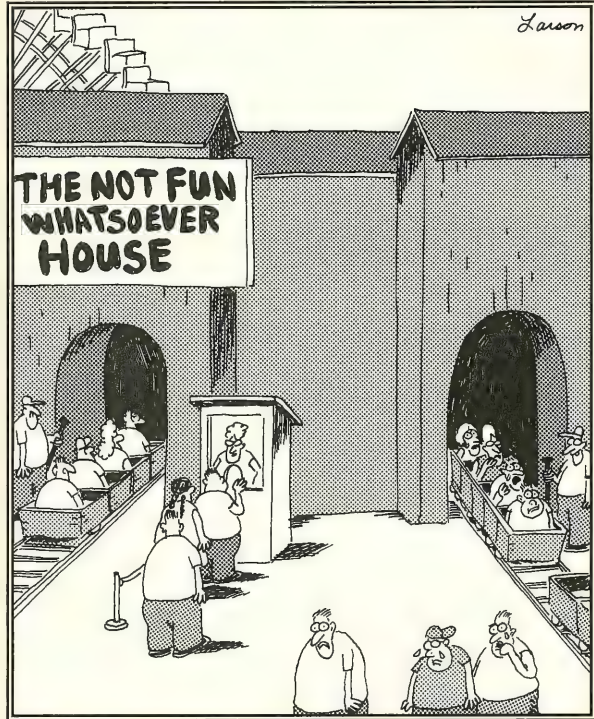
Larson



"Listen up, my Cossack brethren! We'll ride into the valley like the wind, the thunder of our horses and the lightning of our steel striking fear in the hearts of our enemies! ... And remember—stay out of Mrs. Caldwell's garden!"

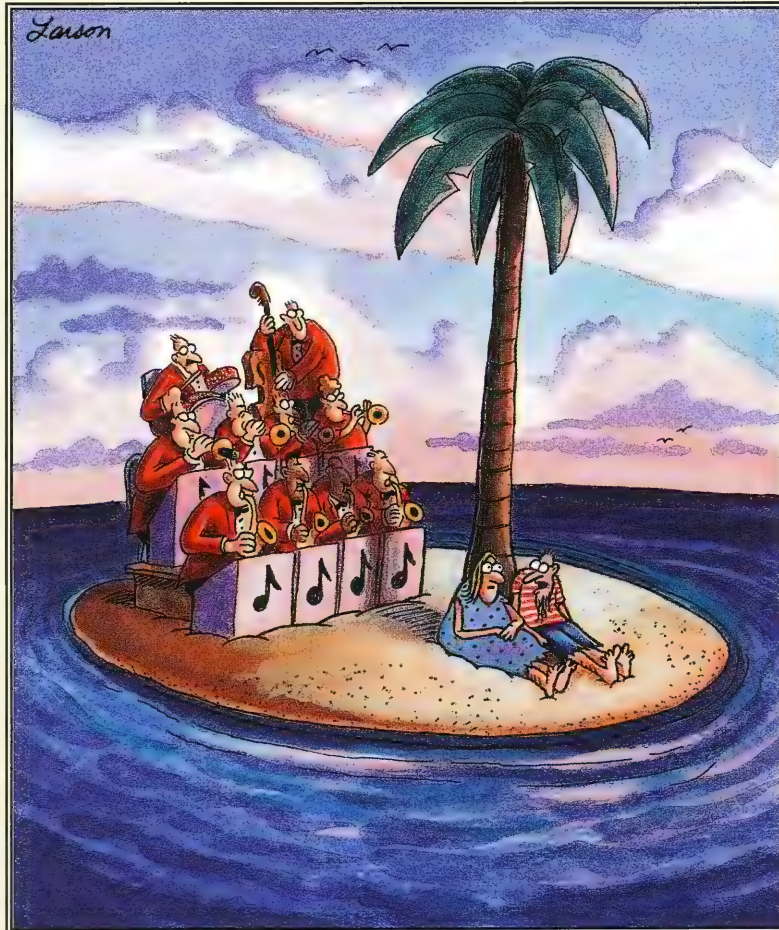
11/22/93

Larson



11/25/93

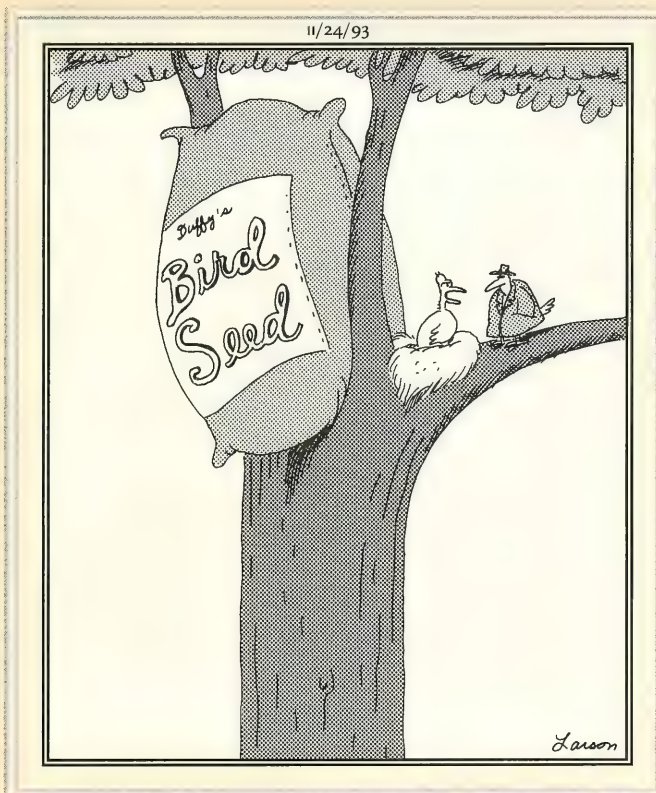
Larson



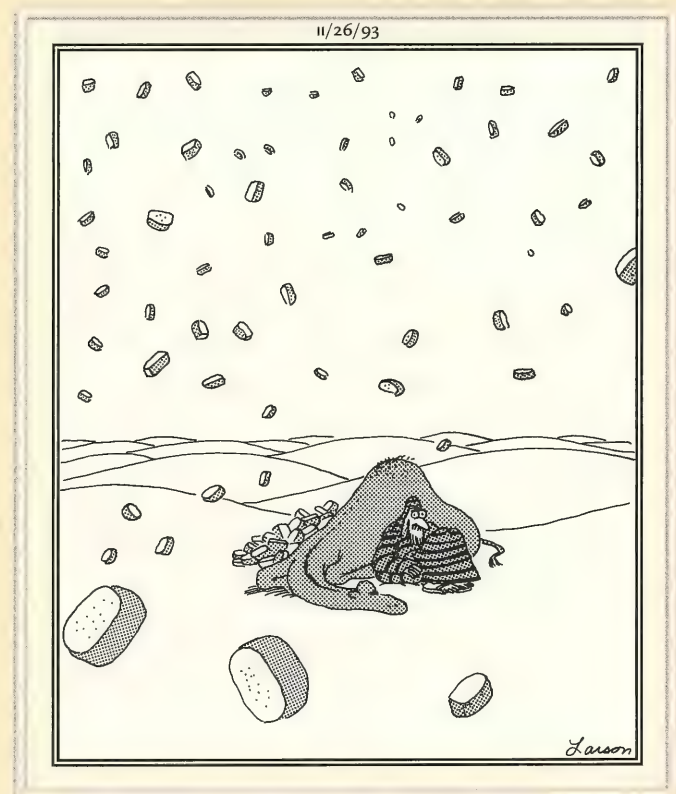
"Care to dance, Ms. Hollings?"



"A word of advice, Durk: It's the Mesolithic. We've domesticated the dog, we're using stone tools, and no one's *naked* anymore."

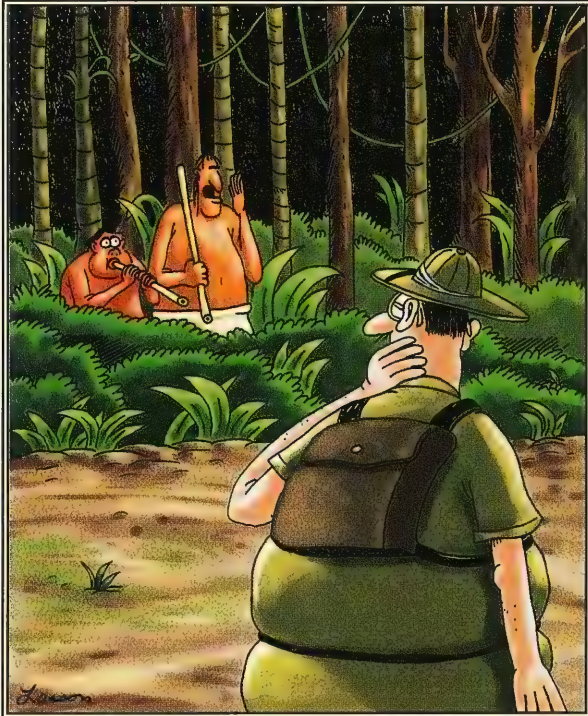


"Frankie! When didja get out? ... Gee, I bet you been sittin' in da cage wonderin' where me and da loot wuz! ... Oh, Frankie, Frankie ... heh heh heh ... Want some coffee, Frankie?"



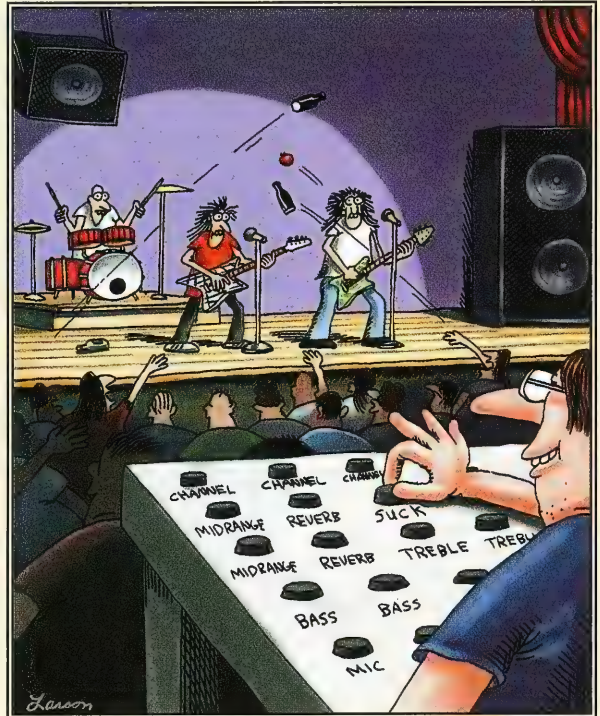
Fortunately, both Ali and his camel knew to take refuge during a desert Spam storm.

12/2/93



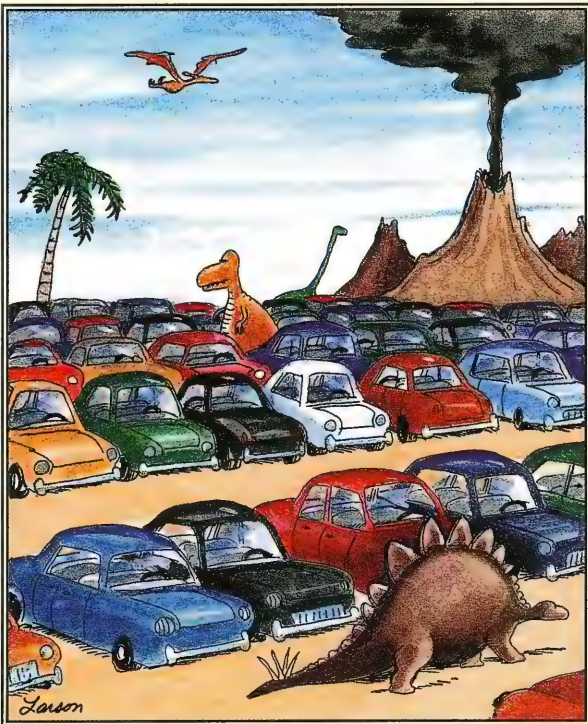
"It's okay! Dart not poisonous. ... Just showin' my kid the ropes!"

12/3/93



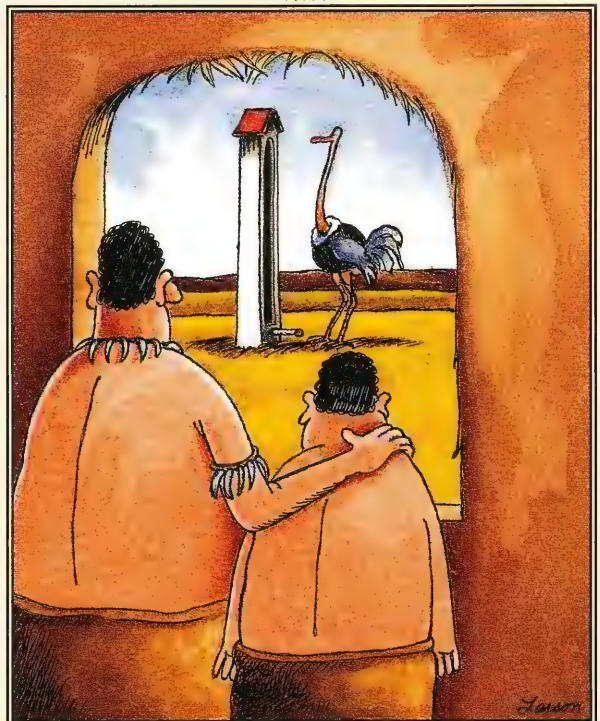
Raymond's last day as the band's sound technician.

12/6/93



Jurassic parking

12/7/93



It was a special moment, as father and son watched their weekend project attract its first tenant.

12/14/93



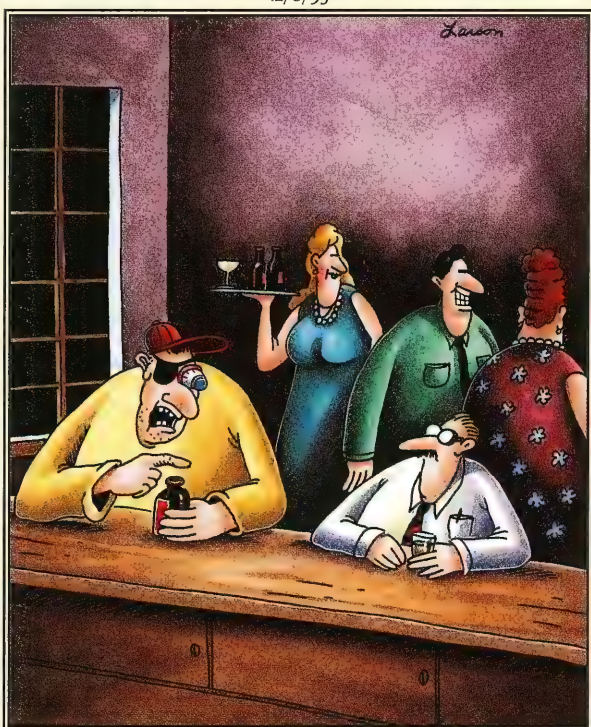
"Dang it, Morty! ... You're always showing this picture of me you took at 7 o'clock in the morning!"

12/9/93



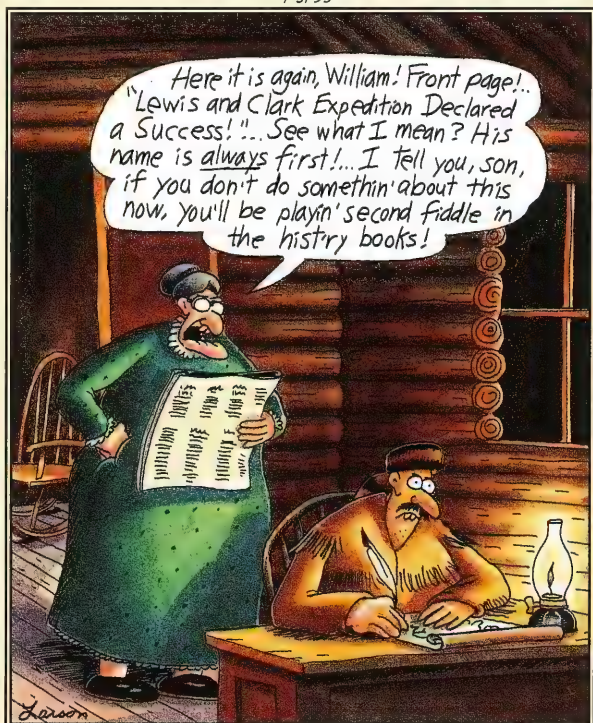
Iggy knew he was extremely lucky to get a room with a view.

12/8/93



"Just keep starin', buddy, and I'll show ya my *bad* eye!"

12/15/93



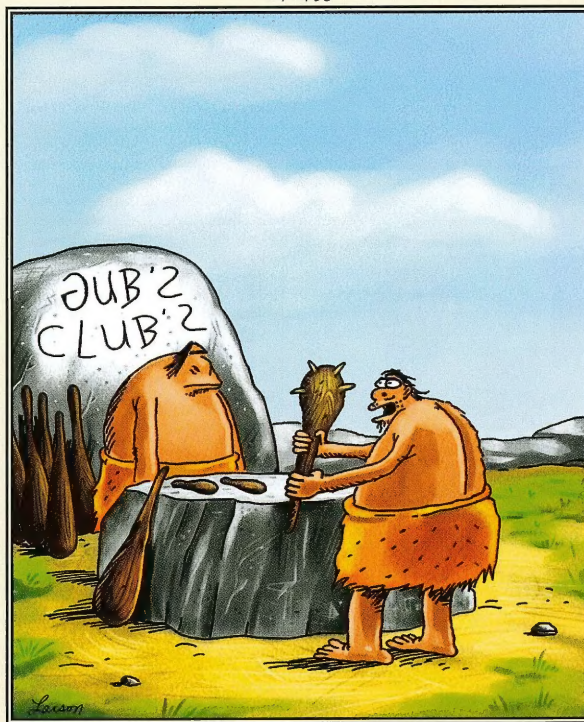
Clark's mother

12/13/93



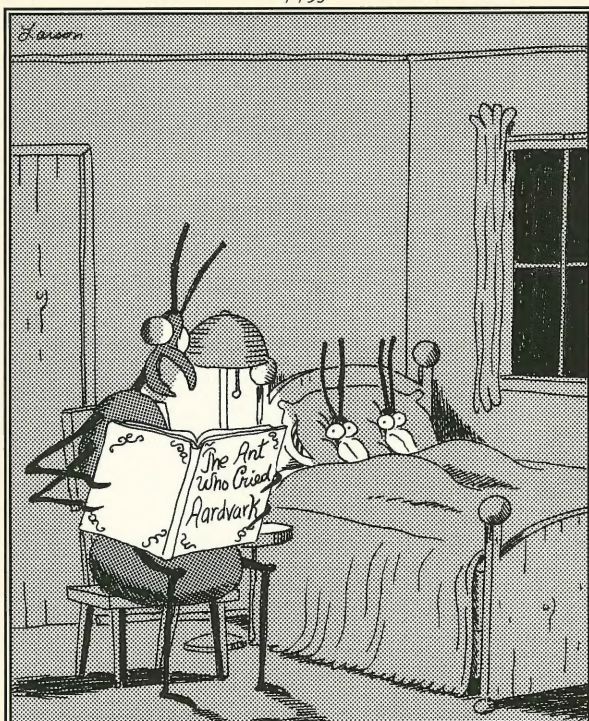
Suddenly, the car struck a pothole, the glove box flew open, and Sparky knew the date was basically over.

12/16/93



"No, no. ... Not this one. Too many bells and whistles."

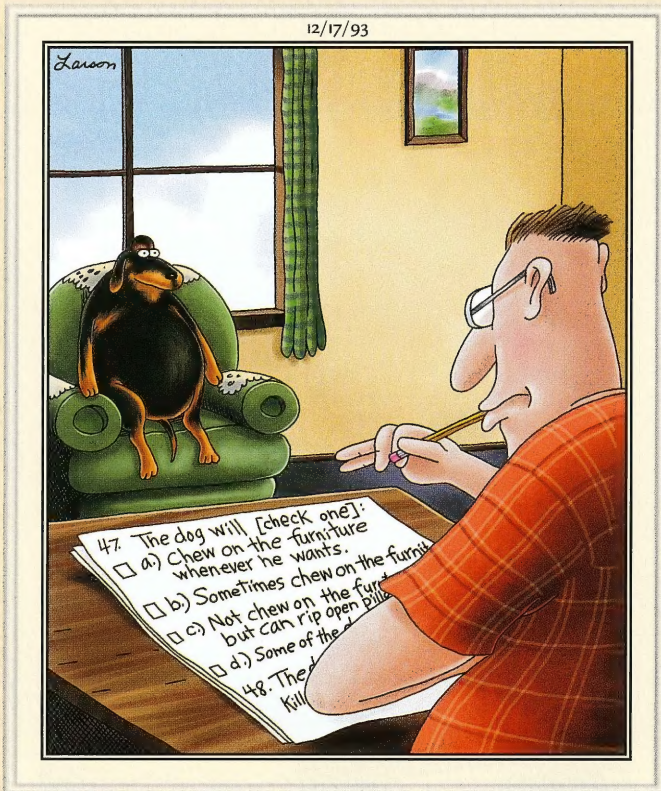
12/1/93



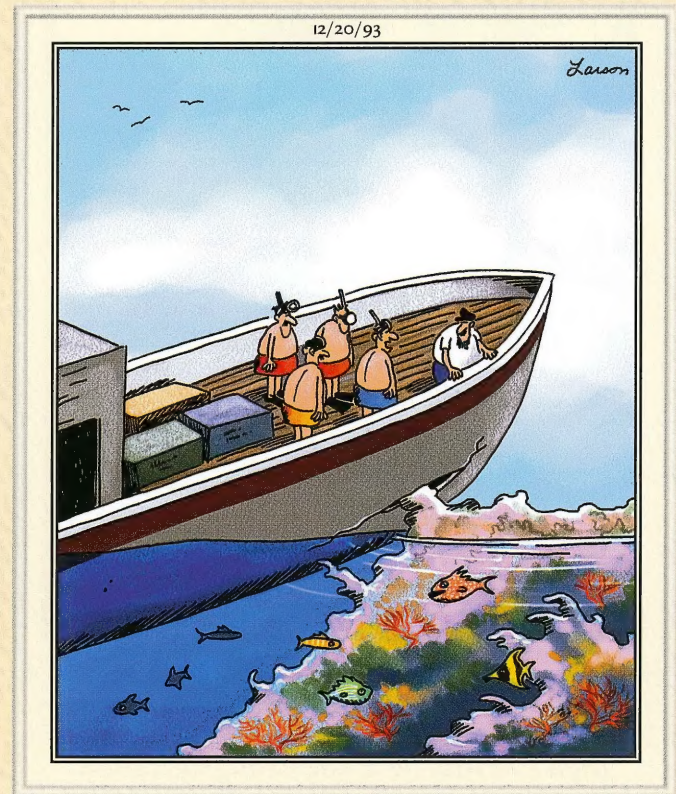
12/10/93



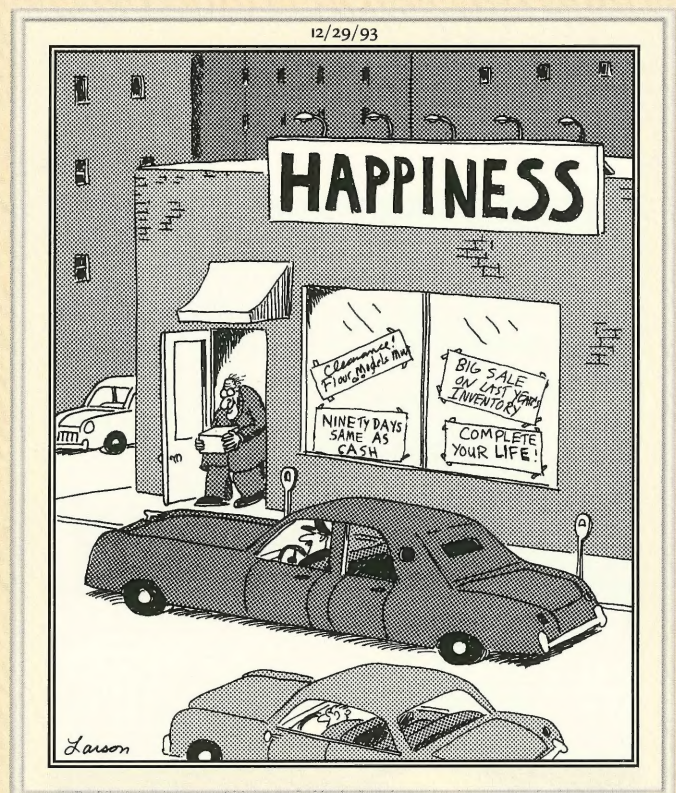
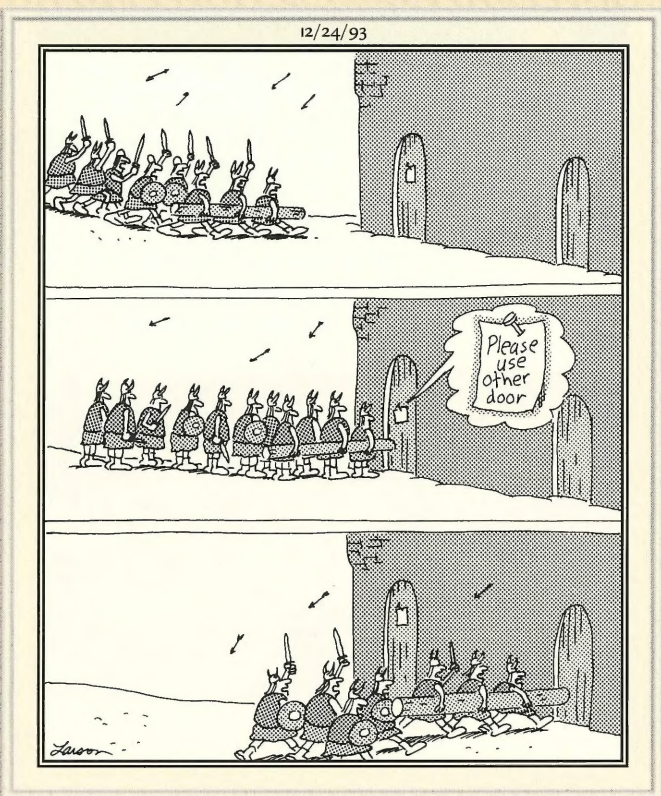
In their sibling's shadow



The questions were getting harder, and Ted could feel Lucky's watchful glare from across the room. He had been warned, he recalled, that this was a breed that would sometimes test him.

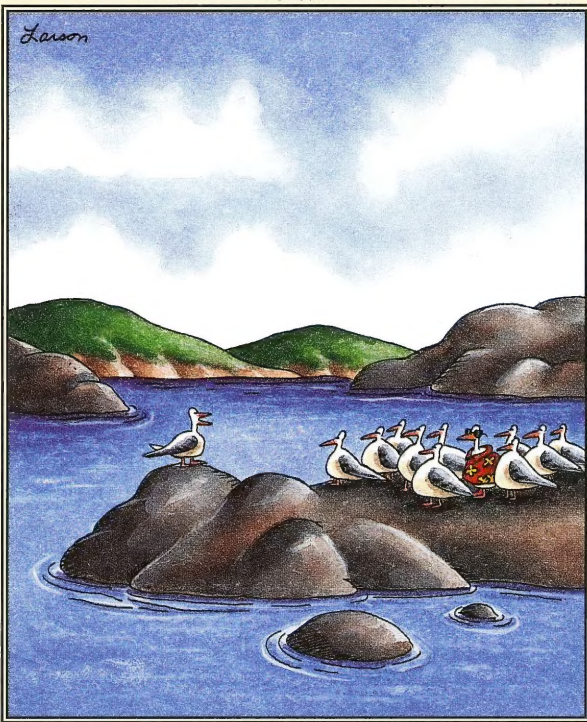


"Excuse me, Captain, but while we're waiting, would you like to join the crew and myself for a little snorkeling?"



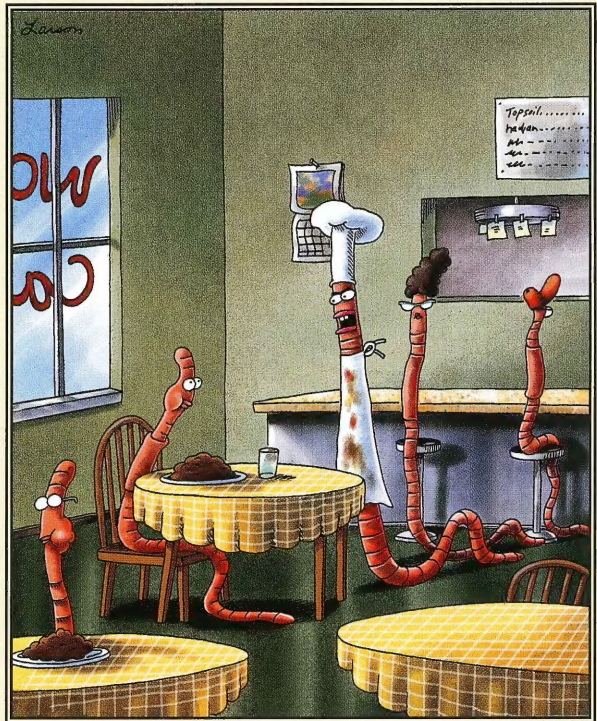
His few friends had told him he could never buy it, but Mr. Crawley surmised that they just didn't know where the store was.

12/21/93



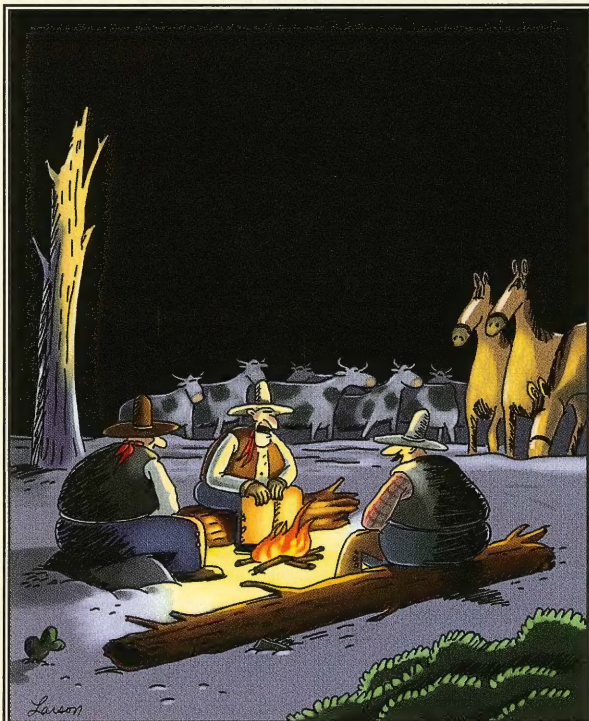
"Okay, everyone, we'll be departing for Antarctica in about 15 minutes. ... If anyone thinks he may be in the wrong migration, let us know now."

12/22/93



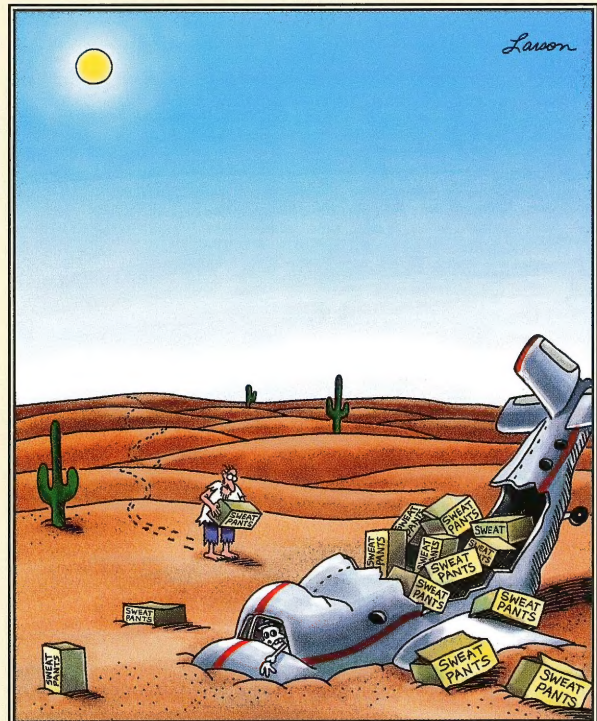
"I've been told you don't like my dirt!"

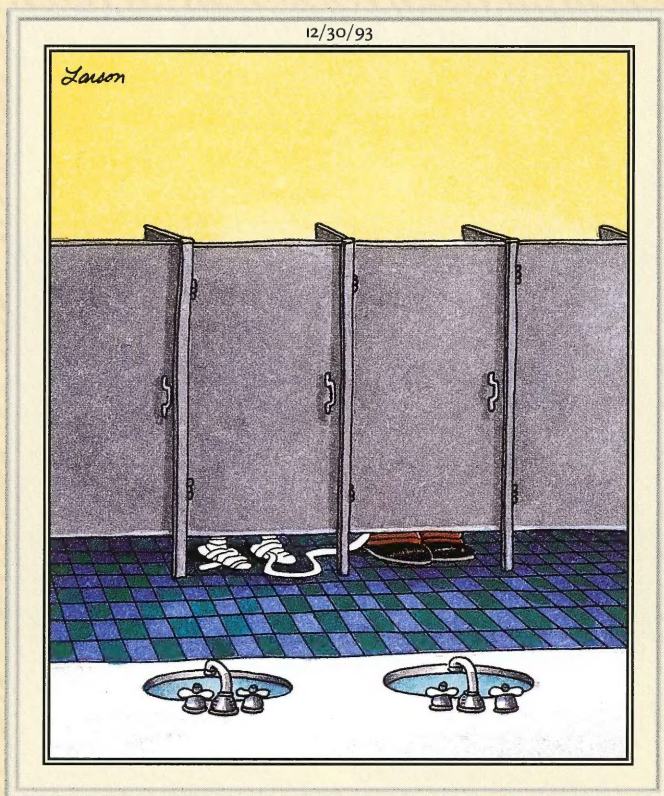
12/23/93



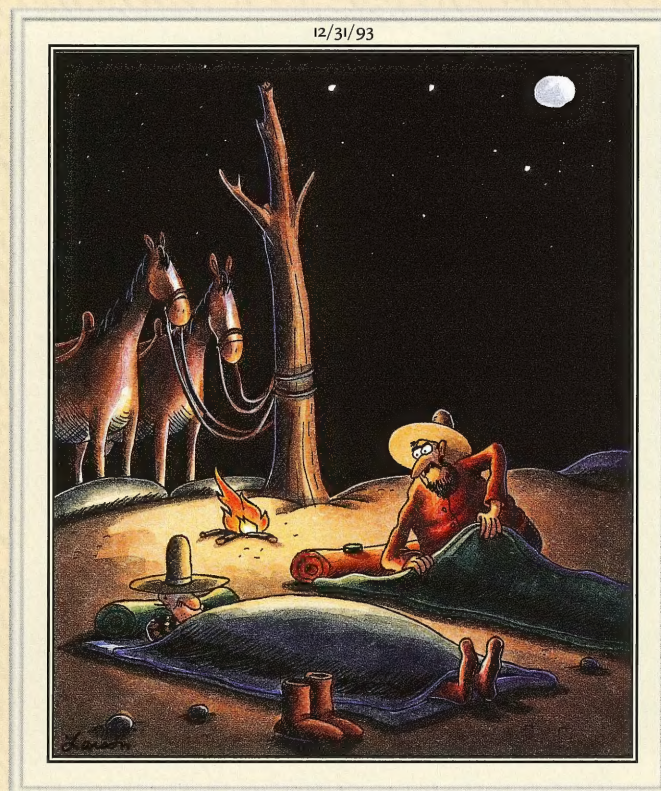
"Okay, I got one—do you say 'darn it' or 'dern it'?"

12/28/93





It was an innocent mistake, but nevertheless, a moment later Maurice found himself receiving the full brunt of the mummy's wrath.



Zeke froze. For the longest time, all he could do was stare at the chocolate mint that "someone" had placed on his bedroll.



The Ice Crusades